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OCT 13 1939

# *The Planting of the Lord*



*Hazel F. Shank*

## A DEEP SENSE OF HOPE

I have three basic reasons for holding a deep sense of hope about God's family in Burma.

First, the seeds of the Church have been faithfully planted here from one end of the land to the other during the past century and a half. The American Baptist Mission has been God's major instrument in doing the planting. It is a great story of heroism, of vision, of hard work. There have been mistakes. But, taken in perspective, it has been a glorious record of faithfulness, "the Lord working with us."

How well the planting has been done many of you know, after returning to your people following the four years of exile of the American Baptist Mission. I have heard you missionaries from the hills tell how your people remained true and won others to the family of Christ. Some fell away, but they were the exception. From different parts of Burma the same story has come. Right here at Judson College we notice an even greater interest in the church and in the Christian program than there was before the war. Our five years of absence from this college campus have not retarded the on-moving Spirit of the Lord.

The seeds of the Church have been well planted in this land. I rest my hope and confidence on this fact.

Second, I place my hope in the assurance that what Christ has planted He will nurture. I am very fond of that apocryphal story which tells of a man who came to Christ to inquire about His program. "On what," he asked, "do you expect your work to endure? You have founded no organization. You have started no visible institution." Christ answered the question by simply pointing to His twelve disciples and saying, "I count on them." "But, what if they fail?" asked the inquirer. History as well as Christ answered that question. They did not fail.

We can have the same abiding grounds for hope ourselves today. What Christ has planted through us, and the many who have gone before us, He will nurture.

*From the address of Rev. Leonard B. Allen, President of the Burma Mission Conference, delivered at the annual meeting in Rangoon, 1947.*



# *The Planting of the Lord*

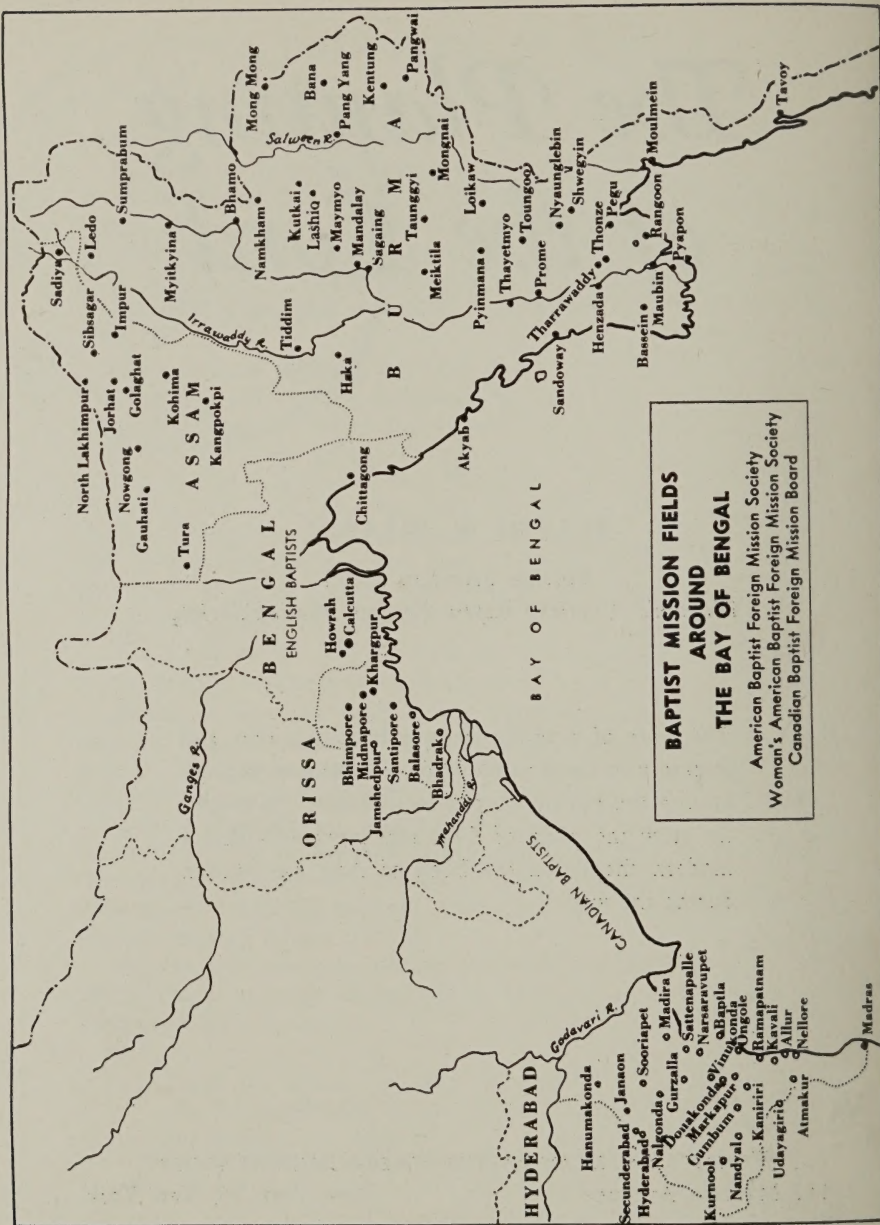
*by*

HAZEL F. SHANK

*Foreign Secretary of the  
Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society*

The story of a recent journey by plane, boat and jeep to visit the mission fields of Northern Baptists around the Bay of Bengal, lands where "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed" that a modern chapter in the Book of Acts was written during the war.

WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY  
152 Madison Avenue New York 16, New York



**BAPTIST MISSION FIELDS  
AROUND  
THE BAY OF BENGAL**

American Baptist Foreign Mission Society  
Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society  
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# Burma

My visit in 1947 to Burma and Northern Baptist fields in India was made by plane, ship, river boat, railway and jeep. With Dr. Anna B. Grey of the Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital, Moulmein, Burma, as traveling companion, I left New York the night of December 6, 1946, arriving in London after twelve hours in the air. From there we went to Poole and traveled by British Overseas Airways to Rangoon, with stops at Marseilles, Sicily, Cairo, Basra, Karachi and Calcutta. As our seaplane circled over Rangoon preparing to land, we noted whole blocks of burned out shells of buildings below us. The great harbor looked like a ghost city with a few ships, some half-sunk hulks, and a few sampans, a great contrast to the busy port it used to be. As we drove through the streets, I fought a rising sense of depression, but as soon as I began to meet the Christian people of Burma, my mood changed rapidly.

The welcome that American Christian friends receive in Burma today is a humbling experience for it is a tribute to all the generations of missionaries who brought the gospel to this land.

*The People*—The most inescapable impression I carried away from Burma was not the sight of bombed buildings, wrecked tanks and trucks along the roadside, not of trees which look as if they had been struck by lightning, not even the military cemetery at Thanbyuzayat, where thousands of Allied soldiers lie buried—soldiers who died at slave labor building the Burma-Siam railway, as infamous a chapter of the war as the Philippine Death March. It is none of these. My attention was drawn away from all of this to Burma's people, and I marvelled at what humanity can stand of suffering and privation, of the horrors and cruelty of war yet emerge with courage and a deeper, stronger faith. That is what happened to the Christians of Burma. The story of their faithfulness and Christian witness under persecution and torture, with many a martyr's death, will go down as one of the most compelling chapters in the history of Christianity.

Christianity already had deep roots in Burma, but today there is a stronger conviction among the Christians that the Christian religion belongs there and is not an importation. One of the pastors told me that in the early days of the war, when British and Americans had evacuated, it was common to hear a Buddhist say, "The Westerner has gone and taken his religion with him. Now you can

all settle down and be Buddhists again." This pastor courageously preached the same sermon week after week, "Governments may come and governments may go, but God is in Burma to stay." He said to me in conclusion, "Through the years that followed, my people came to know this through their own spiritual experience."

**Relief and Rehabilitation**—The war brought poverty and want to Burma, such as this land of rich resources had never known. Homes were destroyed or looted. Medicines for civilians were almost non-existent and their scarcity resulted in a great increase in malaria and tuberculosis.

Northern Baptist relief monies have brought untold blessing to Christians and non-Christians and have been a tangible proof of the love and friendship of American Baptists for Burma's people. The expressions of gratitude almost overwhelm the visitor meeting daily those who benefited by the Christmas parcels of 1945 and the medicine, cloth, vitamins, used clothing, hymn books, Bibles and White Cross shipments as well as countless other gifts from American Christians. Large quantities of supplies have gone through Church World Service and have been administered by a joint committee of the Burma Christian Council, of which Miss Marian Shivers has been executive secretary. Pastors who remained with their people throughout the war and lost everything received a change of clothes. Such aid has drawn them close to us as nothing else could and helped them feel they were being cared for by their own.

In addition to direct relief World Mission Crusade gifts were being put to work for a grateful people. Repairing and rebuilding chapels, churches and schools was begun during my visit and received a great impetus after the arrival of the new mission builder, Mr. Burchard P. Shepherd. He counseled with national groups in their rebuilding projects and within a few months had repairs under way for residences, hospitals, schools and other mission buildings all over the country. The task of making even a portion of pre-war buildings adequate for post-war needs is tremendous.

I was in Burma and India during the closing months of the World Mission Crusade in 1947 and felt the rising tide of encouragement and lifting of morale among both the missionaries and the national leaders because of its success.

Christmas was spent in Rangoon. No one had much to give, except the simplest of gifts, but the carols and the Christmas services and exchange of greetings were all the more meaningful. The carolling was particularly joyous, for the carollers seemed to be singing their gratitude that the war was over and they were free to sing Christian hymns once more.

The political situation during the early months of 1947 was very confused and there was great unrest and apprehension in the dis-



tricts. A general strike was threatened if the demands of U Aung San's party were not granted by the British Government in London, and it seemed for a time as if my activities might be curtailed. But U Aung San returned from England with assurance of self-government for Burma in the near future and things quieted down somewhat, so that except for a brief delay, my travel was uninterrupted. We were often in areas where dacoities (robberies) were frequent and there was anxiety for our safety, but we were helped on our way by both Christians and non-Christians and traveled without mishap. We had a wonderful sense of God's keeping power through areas fraught with danger.

*Moulmein*—The trip to Moulmein (Mäll-mane) after Christmas was made by the sea route in a little ship with one cabin and twelve first class passengers, most of whom slept on the open deck under an awning. These small boats are not too clean these days, but we ignored the cockroaches and looked at the stars. It was a perfect night for a pleasure cruise. We came up the Moulmein River in the early morning and it was exciting to stand on the Captain's deck and watch for familiar landmarks. Dr. Martha J. Gifford and Rev. Gustaf A. Sword, mission secretary who had been visiting the churches in the area, were on the wharf to meet us.

Dr. Sword and his party were leaving the next day for a trip among Mon villages, so it was arranged for me to be the fifth passenger in the jeep. We took no luggage and were entertained in native Christian homes. In each village we listened to the war experiences of the Christians, and people everywhere seemed hungry for spiritual fellowship.

In this region Japanese soldiers had been billeted in almost every home. A soldier in the pastor's home often stood quietly in the door of the room where family worship was in progress. Though an ordinary soldier and in charge of the Captain's motor car, he was discovered to be an earnest Christian and a Baptist pastor with a Master of Theology from an American theological seminary. The Captain was a man of little education. When the Mon pastor commented on the fact, the Japanese soldier-pastor urged him to do nothing that would draw the attention of his superiors to him. He did not want to be raised in rank and sent to the battle front where he would have to kill people. The Mon Christians helped him to avoid notice and the Japanese pastor greatly endeared himself to them all.

Back in Moulmein we had a wonderful Sunday with the Burmese Christians. Their beautiful church built from their own funds before the war is a bombed wreck and they worship in a room of the school building nearby. The church was celebrating the 40th anniversary of the ordination of Saya Ah Syoo, the pastor who is more than eighty years old. It was also Roll Call and Communion Sunday.



*Saya Ab Syoo, Pastor U Tun Tin  
and the choir in the Burmese Church.*

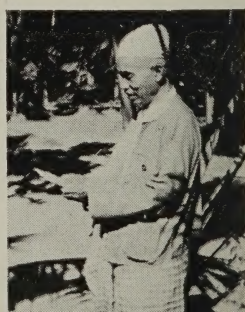
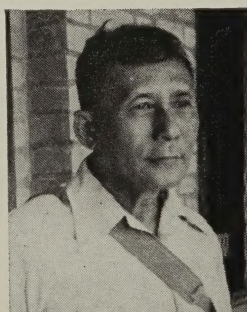
*Thra Joseph Pawmlaw—Karen.*

Many of the older members survived the war. There is a fine group of middle-aged folk and at least half of the congregation were young people. They responded to Roll Call by families. I brought greetings from America. When I spoke of the forthcoming help to repair their church building, and of the new and the experienced missionaries who were planning to come, I was a little startled to realize that the eyes of men and women on the front rows nearest me were brimming with tears. The young pastor was deeply moved and found it difficult to command his voice through the prayers of the communion service. This communion service and many others during these months will be lasting memories.

The English speaking group meet in the same building in the evening. These are the people among whom I worked most of my years in Moulmein and it was like a homecoming for me.

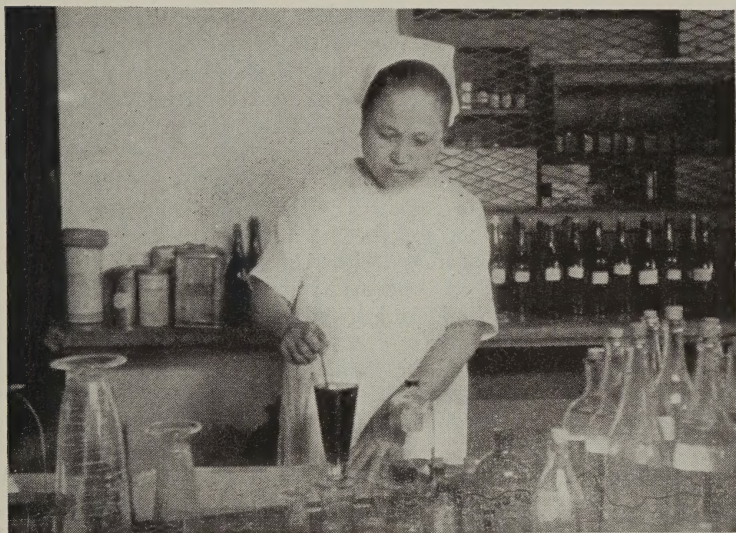
Monday was spent at the Karen compound, where I served for three years of my missionary life. I visited the school and called in Christian homes. Thra Joseph, evangelist, wise counsellor and elder brother to many missionaries, once more directs the district work. Thra Po Win, former headmaster of the Karen coeducational high school, and his wife Ma Mya have given sacrificial leadership in the reconstruction of Christian schools in Moulmein.

*Saya Po Yein, Mon pastor, in pulpit at Leper Home. Thra Po Win, Karen  
educational leader. Saya Chit Pyu, Mon evangelist, Moulmein*





The Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, the nurses' home and the residence, Mt. Hope, were left structurally sound at the close of the war although looted of equipment and denuded of doors and window frames. It just does not seem possible that looting could be so complete. Furniture and equipment went for firewood. I was constantly amazed at what the missionaries had accomplished during the first post-war year in the way of repairs and reconstruction. Considerable work needed to be done on roads, terraces, retaining walls and drains. By the middle of 1947 about seventy-five per cent of these repairs had been completed. World Mission Crusade gifts made possible the repairs and the purchase of much equipment.



*Daw Po Byu compounding medicines at Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital  
(see page 49)*

The first patients were received in July 1946 when Dr. Ah Ma, Dr. Gifford and Miss Maxville opened the hospital. The two new nurses, Miss Alice Hinton, arriving in December 1946, and Miss Ruth Keyser in January 1947, greatly strengthened the staff. Included in the nurses' classes were two village boys who will go back to their villages to work. Nearly all of the students were Christians. There were eighteen nurses in training, eleven of them beginners. Two new classes have been received since that time.

The hospital trains nurses from all over Burma. In addition to maintaining a strong central hospital the staff aims to have several units of village work with a resident national nurse or doctor, a plan which will serve village people and give the nurses practical experience. Miss Maxville, who began village work just before the war, hopes to spend some time before her retirement re-establishing the work among the Mon people at Kammawet, making this the first of the hospital village medical centers. A third nurse trained in public health and another woman doctor are urgently needed.

*Christian Schools*—Before the war Moulmein was a great center for Christian schools, the largest of the American Baptist Mission schools being the Judson High School for boys and the Morton Lane High and Normal School for girls. Nearby were the Mizpah Hall School for Indians (Tamil, Telugu and Urdu) and the English Girls' High School for Anglo-Burmans and others desirous of an English education. Some distance away on the other side of the town was the Karen coeducational high school. But on my arrival I found a flourishing Christian coeducational school in the less damaged Morton Lane buildings, and the Karen coeducational school in its former location.

Immediately upon the close of the war, the Christian teachers all over Burma undertook to reopen the Christian schools, not waiting for the government to act nor for the missionaries to return. The devotion and sacrifice of these Christian teachers is worthy of a place in the history of the Burma church. In many places they charged what fees they could and divided the income equally among the staff regardless of differences in professional status or qualifications. The rise in the cost of living brought higher salaries for servants and day laborers while salaries of teachers remained woefully inadequate.

*Marjorie Wilkins*—The hospital truck turned in at the gate of the Moulmein Leper Home and stopped under the old banyan tree. As we clambered down, the patients in the cottages began to move out into the yard, and from the caretaker's house on the left, Marjorie came toward us. Making progress slowly on her crippled feet she walked with the erect bearing so characteristic of her. In spite of her crippled hands and little to do with, she still looked clean and neat as always. Her wholesome laugh and cheery greeting were an indication of the triumphant spirit with which she has come through the difficulties of the war. The joy of seeing us once more after the dark years when she sometimes felt she might never see any of her missionary friends again was almost too much for her, and our first meeting was so charged with emotion that we did not accomplish much in the way of real visiting.

When war dropped the curtain between us and Burma friends one of our deep anxieties was for the welfare of Marjorie, who



*Marjorie during her school  
days at Judson College*



through the many years since she first contracted the dread disease had lived in the Leper Home and given her days in ministry to those about her, rising from the depths of despair into a radiant Christian personality. The last bit of news told of how she stayed by the Home as long as possible in the midst of heavy bombing of the nearby airfield. When it was no longer possible to remain she and a group of lepers started north with the long stream of refugees. On that journey she endured much that was difficult for a sensitive spirit. She reached Mandalay when the great bombing and fire swept across the city, and then silence fell, and for almost four years we did not know whether she survived.

The first news out of Burma after the fighting ceased brought word of Marjorie—back in Moulmein. Lack of medicine and sufficient food had reduced her physical strength and impaired her vision, and she was carried about in a chair to help supervise reconstruction activities on the compound. When the first visitor arrived she inquired eagerly for her friends in India and America. When asked what those friends might do for her, her chief concern was not for herself but for the needs of the other lepers.

Nourishing food, medicine and vitamins together with the loving care and prayers of missionary and other friends have worked a near-miracle. Today she walks with a crutch or cane, has gained weight and her vision is improved. She laughs easily and often, and her courage and faith are an inspiration to everyone. "God has been very good to me," is her testimony.

*Tharrawaddy and Thonze*—We left on a Tuesday morning for Tharrawaddy (Thar-ra-wad'-di) in the jeep with a trailer. There is a beautiful road of red laterite, part of the way bordered by great overspreading cocobin trees beside the rice fields, and part of the way the jungle grows right up to the roadside. The sky was blue at that season, with great white clouds. It was at the end of the harvest and the rice was being threshed by primitive methods. A dozen or more buses passed us loaded with U Aung San's men with great red flags flying, all en route to Rangoon for political demonstrations. We were warned about dacoities (robberies) but we did

not experience any. Wrecks of tanks along the road and palm trees without tops were reminders that in 1942 that whole area was a hard fought battle field.

The time at Tharrawaddy and Thonze (Thon-zé) was full of meetings and visiting. Thonze is a Burmese station. The church is small, and the welcome from the members was heart-warming. The woman teacher who was supervising the little Christian school entertained us for lunch. This Christian Sayama is supporting eleven motherless children. I do not comprehend how the Burman Christian woman manages so efficiently. The folk in the Tharrawaddy area were very appreciative of the relief goods and of the cloth which the Mission Relief Committee was buying and selling at a price which the people could pay. They are trying hard to help meet the needs of the villagers, especially those of the Christian teachers and the pastors.

At Tharrawaddy eighty-six women and girls were waiting for us for an all-afternoon women's meeting. They sat crowded closely together on mats on the floor, filling the big room and overflowing onto the wide veranda. At the close of the long meeting a woman who had been silent all afternoon asked if she might give her testimony.

*Naw Chit Tells Her Story*—Naw Chit is tall and slender. From the mat where she was sitting tailor fashion, she rose gracefully to an erect standing position, as all Burma's women can do without the slightest apparent effort. She began to speak quietly and with poise. She and her husband had been accused of being spies and had been put in prison in Myaungmya (Mee-aung-mee-ya) with about 800 other Christians, more than half of whom were women and children. Many hundreds had already been killed. Every day these Christian people were threatened with death, and they prayed for strength to face the ordeal. She said to me, "You say that friends in America were praying for us. We felt it and were strengthened by it." She told how they spent their days in prayer and singing of hymns. They repeated Scripture, especially the promises of God which they could remember. At first the rabble outside made disturbances while they tried to worship, but finally a Japanese official gave orders that they were not to be disturbed.

The day came when the prison door opened and they thought they were to be led out to be killed. Some lost their courage and began to cry. Naw Chit tried to comfort them. She said, "I will go first. If my head is to be cut off, I will bare my neck so it can be done easily. If they are going to shoot me, I shall look them in the eye. If I am to die by fire, it is only for two hours and then—an eternity in Heaven."

The fortunes of war change quickly, and Naw Chit and her family and friends went out to freedom. She concluded, "So Christ gave



*Miss Mary Beth Fulton standing at the grave of Ann Judson, a hallowed spot left unharmed though armies marched on both sides of it*



us strength, thanks to the missionaries who brought the gospel to us. Worldly goods do not mean so much to us now. Tell the friends in America that we have gained great spiritual wealth and our faith is greater than ever."

**Prome**—The next morning we all started out early for Prome, about a hundred miles farther on. We could make only twelve to fifteen miles an hour in the jeep. At noon we decided to stop for lunch along a particularly pretty stretch of road under a great over-spreading banyan tree. When he reached Prome that night, we learned that our shady luncheon spot was a place where dacoits had recently pounced upon unwary travellers!

Prome, one of the oldest cities in Burma, is a strong Buddhist center located on the banks of the beautiful Irrawaddy River, and is an important point for river and rail traffic. The Shwe San Daw Pagoda on the hilltop is supposed to contain three hairs of Buddha. The city was a hard fought battle ground in 1942, and most of the town was wiped out by fire. The Mission Girls' School and Woman's Board residence, pitted by machine gun bullets, were the only brick buildings left standing. The school was used by the Japanese for storing munitions and was fired by them in their retreat. During most of the four years of war the town was deserted except for the Japanese army. The jungle grew up again and even the jungle animals returned to prowl.

Mission property faces the river and commands a beautiful view. The Christians have cleaned up the compound and repaired the fences. The Christian group is small, mainly villagers on the outskirts of the town and a number of families of civil and military people stationed in the town, among them Judson College graduates. In every place one goes, there is this nucleus of educated Christians who not only constitute the main support and leadership in the local Christian community, but also furnish strength of character and leadership in the civil and political life of the area. We were guests of the Christian community including the government medical officer, Dr. Sein Maung and his gracious wife, Ma Kin May.

From Prome we drove about ninety miles and took a train to Letpadan. This train was much like the Moulmein train except that the bomb holes in the roof had been repaired, seats had been replaced and it had been painted inside; but the only travel was poor third class and we were packed in tightly among all kinds of folk with their bundles of personal effects, sugar cane, bamboos and even bags of rice. It was a bumpy, uncomfortable ride, but I relaxed and enjoyed the countryside. It was beautifully green even in the dry season and birds are always plentiful. Two gorgeous kingfishers sat on the telephone wires and watched us go by.

*Henzada*—At Tharrawaw shore we left the train and went aboard a ferry to cross over to Henzada (Hen'-zä-da), where we were to spend a wonderful weekend as guests of the Burmese and Karen communities. Miss Shivers and I stayed in the Burmese Girls' School building, one end of which was damaged when a bomb exploded in the compound. The rest of the building was saved from looting of doors and windows because Daw Thein, the Burmese Christian Headmistress, refused to yield possession to the invaders and kept a little school going all through the war.

Sunday was a busy day in Henzada with a union service of more than 600 Christians in the big school building built by the Karens before the war and miraculously spared in the bombing. Throughout the two and one-half hour service everyone was quiet and attentive. Once again as I sat on the platform while the missionary preached, I was moved by the eagerness on the faces of the people and felt their hunger for the Word, and the sincerity of the welcome accorded returning missionary friends.

After tea, Thra Po Myat, the district evangelist, called to take me to a jungle village several miles from Henzada. About sixty-five gathered in the pastor's house for a women's meeting of thanksgiving. Many men and children came, but the chairman and all those who took part were women. The choir furnished appropriate music between testimonies and the prayers that followed. Many women witnessed to the power of their Christian faith to sustain them through the horrors and privations of war. One said that before the war she had taken her religion very much for granted, but through the war years her Christian faith took on new meaning. When meeting a severe testing she prayed, "God help me in this." He did and the next time she prayed again, "God help me in this." Little by little she came to know God and to trust Him as never before. "Now," she said, "I have something which can never be taken away from me." Her sons are all alive and at work, supplying her physical needs. People say, "How fortunate you are." "True," she said, "I have much to be thankful for, but until all of my children have a personal experience of faith in Jesus Christ, I cannot be satisfied."



**Bassein**—We had a beautiful trip to Bassein (Bas'-sene) as the single deck boat wound in and out through the delta. Sometimes the country is flat on both sides of the river with paddy fields stretching far into the horizon, then for a distance the great jungle trees or bamboos and palms grow right down to the river side. Colorful birds flew across the stream in front of our river launch. This is a rich rice growing region, and rice mills and boats with rice are frequent sights. Villages are close together and most of the houses are of bamboo. Many river boats have enormous sails. This particular morning an ocean steamer followed us for a long way, coming to an inland place to load rice for India.

Bassein is probably one of the biggest mission stations in the world. The Karens are making plans to raise money to revitalize their evangelistic work, to start a hospital, a jungle medical service, a local Bible School and an agricultural project. They want the help of missionaries and appreciate the coming of Rev. Erville Sowards. There were separate conferences with Sgaw Karen, Pwo Karen, Burmese and Indian communities, and one evening they had a combined concert in Ko Tha Byu Memorial Hall with about 1,200 present. Everything in Bassein is done in large numbers. More than one hundred primary children from five to seven years of age sang a song in parts! They had a flute band and the remnants of the pre-war brass band. A chorus of girls sang native airs and imitated primitive instruments. The second evening there was a united worship service.

In the Bassein-Myaungmya district many Burmans and Karens were imprisoned or martyred during the war. It was an uplifting experience to hear these Christians tell what their faith meant to them in those dark days.

We were guests of Dr. Ma Sein Shin, who was on the staff of the Government Hospital in Bassein and was to be the guest of the Woman's Foreign Board in America during 1947-1948.

The family of Dr. Ma Sein Shin is typical of many Karen Christian families. Her father is a Pwo Karen pastor and district evangelist. Her mother is in many ways a remarkable woman, undertaking to learn English when she was fifty so that she could read in English the Sunday school helps, which were not translated. She is a faithful user of *The Secret Place*. A Mother-in-Israel, her heart went out also to the boys in the Japanese Army in spite of the sufferings which these troops brought to her own people. When her Karen young people expressed the opinion that all Japanese were like many of their leaders, she reproved them saying, "The same God made them who made us. He must have made some good ones."

One brother graduated from Judson College and is now a Major in the Army with a notable war record. Another brother, a graduate of Pyinmana Agricultural School, suffered imprisonment during the

war with other Christians, some of whom were martyred. This farmer son of a pastor had never had much to say of his own religious faith, but recounted to his sister how they had sung the Doxology the morning that four of the young men from his own village had been taken away and beheaded, and said, "There is something wonderful about a religion like this that can help you to sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow' at such a time."

In the village of Let Ma Gone near Hlezeik (Hle-zake), the present population is about seventy per cent Christian widows. Kitty Thein tells the story of the men of this village who had been imprisoned and were about exhausted from the experience of questioning and torture. One evening as they sat in their prison room after the pastor had led them in evening worship, they faced the fact that probably few, if any, would see another day. To the question of one, "What will happen to the church in Let Ma Gone if we are all killed?" the pastor made the significant reply, "We can depend on the women to carry on." After the death of this group, one who was on guard and who overheard the conversation reported it to the women. Determined to live up to the faith of their men folk these women are today building a new life, and the church in Let Ma Gone lives on through them.

***Bible Schools and Seminaries***—After returning to Rangoon as headquarters, I went to Insein to be present at the first post-war graduation ceremonies of the Bible schools and seminaries on Seminary Hill. The graduating classes were small, consisting largely of the students who could return to complete pre-war courses. The beginning classes were larger and when the second school year opened in March, there were seventy-five in the Karen Women's Bible School. I was invited to attend the annual meetings of the trustees and hear them plan for the rebuilding of this important phase of our Christian training program.

A World Mission Crusade gift made it possible to begin the work of repairs on the Burman Women's Bible School before the monsoon rains began, and considerable progress had been made in assembling enough equipment to operate a school. Miss Dorothy Rich has the help of an excellent committee from the Burmese Women's Mission Society, which has always been responsible for salaries of the Burmese teachers associated with the missionary.

The Karen Women's Bible School reopened on Seminary Hill after the war, using an unoccupied residence for dormitory and sharing classrooms with the Karen Theological Seminary. Some money is available toward the new home for this school, but with costs rising much more will be needed. The Karens are adding this project to an already heavy rebuilding program, hoping that some further help may come from America. The Karen and Burmese women are worthy of everything we can do to help them.



The Bible schools and seminaries are gradually bringing to pass a closer federation of all the seminary and Bible school work on Seminary Hill.

The Pwo Karen coeducational Bible school, to which Miss Rebecca Anderson has been designated, has not yet joined the related schools on Seminary Hill, but has moved from Maubin (Ma-oo-bin) to the Ahlone compound in Rangoon, where it opened in June 1947.

These training schools for Christian workers, together with the one at Kutkai for Kachins and the beginnings of a Bible school in the Chin hills stand at the top of the lists of "musts" in all planning for reconstruction of mission work in Burma.



*Officers of the All Burma Women's Mission Society*

*The Women's Societies of Burma*—Soon after arrival in Rangoon and again just before leaving, I was privileged to be the guest of the Burmese Women's Society in meetings presided over by their gracious president, Daw May Si. Present also was Dr. Daw Saw Sa, who at an age when others talk of retirement was reestablishing her clinic and maternity home, and dreaming of a larger Christian hospital in Rangoon.

In this land women have been traditionally free, and they possess initiative and a business sense combined with natural charm and intelligence. They contribute much to the strength of the Christian church in Burma. Every church has a woman's society which holds regular meetings, and these groups have always been generous giv-

ers to mission work, not only for their own people but for neighboring races as well. Many of these groups continued to meet during the war years.

The women help support the pastors, care for the poor, support evangelists and Bible women. They are giving generously to help reconstruct the Bible schools and seminaries and are assisting in the distribution of relief. Both the Burmese Women's Missionary Society and the Karen Women's Society, with Thramu Eleanor San Tay as President, are planning to raise large sums to refurbish and equip these schools, matching gifts from America for repairs and buildings. Ma Saw Myaing as travelling secretary for the Burmese Women's Mission Society has visited many of the local societies.

Observance of the World Day of Prayer is now part of the program of all women's societies of Burma, and in 1947 generous contributions were made for relief in Europe. As one of their leaders has said, "It would not be possible for them to do so much if it were not for their strong conviction that every church woman must do her part, no matter how small."

The Kachin women's societies in North Burma are also vigorous and effective. The Kutkai Women's Association alone was contributing to the support of seven evangelistic workers at the time of my visit. The Kachins as a race are making great strides. These people have been pleading for years for more missionaries, but there is a new sense of urgency now and they are worthy of every help Northern Baptists can give them.

*A New Day in the Task of the Woman Missionary*—It is a new day for the work of the Woman's Foreign Board in Burma. Although several of the women missionaries engaged in strictly evangelistic work before the war, many served as heads of schools, giving a great deal of time to administration and correspondence with the Government Educational Department, in addition to teaching English and Bible, planning the religious life of the school and undertaking many responsibilities in the community. Today only nationals may be heads of schools.

Except for those in administrative positions in the hospitals, Bible schools and seminaries, most women missionaries in the future will be in general evangelistic work or in special tasks, such as Miss Helen Tufts' designation as Associate in the Department of Publications and Christian Literature or in assignments to programs in the Christian Home and Family Life, Religious Education and Sunday school work.

Before the war it was a matter of pride that children from Christian families knew the Bible. With Christian education interrupted during the war, there is now a new generation who have not had regular instruction in Bible. There is a desperate need for concentrated effort to train lay leadership and to teach the Bible.





*The traveling bookstore with Christian literature.*

***Christian Home and Family Life***—One of the most outstanding memories of this visit was the conference in Rangoon on Christian Home and Family Life, attended by about eighty Christian women leaders and missionaries. Miss Marion Beebe presided and the afternoon passed all too quickly as many spoke of their interest in such a program. Following this, definite beginnings were made in a Christian Home program through institutes, in the churches, women's meetings, classes in the seminaries and Bible schools and through literature of various kinds.

Just before the war, the Woman's Foreign Board set aside \$25,000 from the 70th Anniversary Fund as a Lena Tillman Case Memorial in honor of Mrs. Brayton C. Case. For a time it was thought that a school for girls would be established at Pinyinmana (Pin-ma-na) stressing home arts, but the war interrupted all planning. Since this seems definitely not the time to put the money into a building, the Mission has asked the Woman's Board to invest the amount as a Lena Tillman Case Memorial Fund, the income from which may be used to further the program of the Christian Home and Family Life along the lines indicated.

***Publications***—The mission program of publications and Christian literature is under the able direction of Rev. Leonard A. Crain and Miss Helen L. Tufts. The need for Christian literature is particularly acute. Bibles and hymn books were lost or are worn out. While I was in Burma, a shipment of Sgaw Karen hymn books, printed and bound in America, arrived in Rangoon. There was a frantic rush for copies, which were carefully rationed to the different Karen areas, and even the high price proved no obstacle, so great was the eagerness to buy.

*Rangoon Christian Schools*—In Rangoon a flourishing coeducational Christian high school, in which the American Methodists and Northern Baptists cooperate now occupies the buildings of the former Cushing High School and is evidence of the fellowship and cooperative spirit of these Christian groups. Most of the fine buildings of the Kemmendine Girls' High School were destroyed by bombing and fire. In the few remaining old buildings, former Kemmendine teachers have maintained a Christian school, beginning with almost nothing in the way of equipment and persevering in the face of adversities.

The buildings of Judson College stand undamaged by bombing though thoroughly looted of equipment and library. For the first two post-war years the College cooperated in the interim University of Rangoon, and in the second year the Judson College hostels for men and Benton Hall for women were opened. In the thirty-nine years of its existence, Judson College has made an impact on the life of the whole country almost beyond the faith of those who have known and loved it best.

*The Burma Baptist Churches Council*—During the months of 1947 we watched this Council begin to function. It was brought into being by national and missionary leadership to fill a long felt need for closer coordination and unification of the Christian work of the different racial groups in Burma. In higher education, agriculture, publication of Christian literature, pensions, missions both home and foreign—for all activities that are national in scope—resources could be pooled for a unified program. This Council with representatives from all racial groups provides an advisory body to point the way to closer cooperation and integration of effort. The Burma Baptist Convention has been mainly an annual inspirational gathering of all races with the various racial conferences administering their own work.

*Lanmadaw Baptist Church*—On my first Sunday in Rangoon I worshipped at the historic Lanmadaw Burmese Baptist Church, founded by Adoniram Judson, where Rev. U Maung Gale (Ga-lay) is the energetic pastor and an outstanding evangelist. After my long absence from Burma the sounds of the Burmese language in the Christian message of hymn and prayer and the sermon of Saya U Ba Han of the Burmese Theological Seminary fell like sweet music on my ears. Here I met again many whose names were constantly in our prayers during the silence of the war years, and I remembered how in the last days before the city of Rangoon fell, U Maung Gale with his little motor car helped to evacuate to the safety of nearby villages all of his church members. By this time many of them had returned to rebuild and repair their homes and the church program was already under way. The old church building stands in what is now a congested section of downtown Rangoon, but is no



longer adequate for a church of its size and ministry in the capital city of Burma. Although its members are greatly impoverished by the war, this church continues to be self-supporting and has already begun to raise funds for a new building, but they will need help.

*On the Road to Mandalay*—We started out on the road to Mandalay one beautiful morning, four of us in a heavily loaded jeep and trailer. At Pegu we had lunch with the Christians and stopped long enough for a meeting in the little Anglican church where Baptists, Methodists and Anglicans now worship together with a Baptist pastor.

By two o'clock we were on the road again bound for a Christian Karen village beyond Nyaunglebin (Nong-lay-bin) which is ninety-seven miles north of Rangoon. At the 108th mile post we turned off the road to the home of our hostess as our little jeep plowed through the sand in its lowest gear. After we had a rice and curry supper, about 200 villagers and twenty or more pastors and teachers gathered for a service of worship and greeting. Few experiences of this visit stirred me as deeply as did a chorus of male voices singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" when I realized how appropriate were the words on the lips of men who in recent years had been put to the test, and some severely so, for their faith—

"He is sifting out the hearts of men  
Before His judgment seat—"

In the middle of the service a group of young men left hastily to investigate a noise at the outskirts of the village. Later we learned that an armed guard was stationed around the village and realized that we were again in the area where dacoities were common occurrences. As we prepared for bed later in the house of U Bwa I heard voices in the distance uplifted in evening family prayer and praise singing, "My faith looks up to thee." I went to sleep with a sense of security, but not because of the armed guard.

The next morning we were up at daybreak bound for Toungoo (Toung-oo). The road was lined with the over-spreading, lacy-leaved cocobin trees. The Pegu Yomas (mountains) began to loom up on our left through the haze that lay over the land. The flashing blue wings of the roller bird, the plumage of the green bee eater and the scarlet blossoms of an occasional Pride of India tree gave color to the landscape. Bullock carts and rickety buses shared the road with us. It was hard to believe that there had ever been a battle along this road or that danger for anyone still lurked there.

*Toungoo*—At noon when we drove into the town we discovered plenty of evidence of a recent war. Once familiar compounds were now quite unrecognizable. Much of this destruction occurred early in the war, but the Allied bombing in 1945 really finished it. The Paku Karen compound was still a military camp though a small area at the back had been turned over to the Karens and a new little par-

sonage had been erected there for Thra Peter Hla. At the Bwe Karen compound facing the river, we set up our cots in one of the two remaining school buildings and looked out on an unfamiliar scene. The mission bungalows and other buildings have completely disappeared and the beautiful old trees along the river front are either gone or look as if they had been struck by lightning.

The Christians here have suffered heavy loss, but there is a sense of unity and inter-dependence among them that is inspiring. We were almost constantly in meetings with different groups, but the high point for me was the women's meeting with about 125 present representing all racial groups. They have already raised several thousands of rupees toward repairs. Here as elsewhere, their feelings were near the surface when they heard of the interest of the American Christians and possible help in rebuilding their churches. Thramu Lottie made the speech of greeting and spoke with emotion. Such a number of interested and interesting faces as there were in that group! I had a feeling that almost every woman there spoke to me at the close of our two-hour meeting. The number of baptisms among just one of the groups in Toungoo had already exceeded 400 for the year. There is great interest in the training of pastors, and several Christians drawing large salaries, among them an Army Major and a timber trader, are offering to pay expenses of seminary training for young men from this area.

Another early morning start and by noon we had arrived at Pyinmana, where Mr. C. R. Horton, with Mr. and Mrs. William Rice still at language study, was getting the mission agricultural program again under way. This is in the heart of the territory so

*Thramu Shwe U, Karen teacher and wife of farm superintendent at Pyinmana with the author*



greatly disturbed by the communists and dacoits. Rumors flew thick and fast. We had an armed guard of U Aung San's volunteer army boys around the house each night. They came at dusk and disappeared at dawn. During our visit, Dr. John Reisner of the Agricultural Missions Foundation in New York City and other missionaries joined us for conference. Baptisms followed the Sunday service.

Tuesday morning our party started north again on the Mandalay road. The most dangerous part of our trip now lay before us, between Pyinmana and Meiktila (Make-ti-la) through hills infested with dacoits. We joined the convoy with an armored car for escort.

It is hard to describe the desolation of Mandalay as we drove into the city that evening from the south. It was so altered that I found it difficult to get my bearings. The skeleton walls of what was formerly the Burmese Baptist Church and Kelly High School for boys were almost the sole remaining landmarks for many blocks. Better preserved than almost anything in the city were the buildings of our Girls' High School, though it too suffered bomb hits. The missionaries' quarters at one end of the quadrangle had been repaired and Miss Alice Thayer and Miss Phyllis Hamilton had done much to restore order and bring an air of home to the place. Many of the Christians who had to evacuate during the war were returning and setting up their homes again. There were evidences of spiritual life and vitality in this Christian community in the midst of a great Buddhist city.

A coeducational Christian school now occupies the former Girls' High School buildings. The reunion of old students of the Girls' High School stands out in my memory. I wonder how many schools have a better record than this one for the number of outstanding Christian women now scattered all over Burma who came into the school as little Buddhist girls. The list for all of Burma is impressive as evidence of evangelistic efforts in the mission schools. Early in this visit to Burma I began to note the first generation Christians and made it a point to inquire how they were won to Christ. In a surprisingly large percentage of cases the reply was, "In a mission school."

*Maymyo*—It was 11 A.M. and we were in the Burmese church in Maymyo (May-me-o) as Saya Ko Ko Kyi, the pastor, opened the service. It was a beautiful morning and as I listened to the Scripture read in Burmese and the choir singing an anthem, I looked about me—at clean whitewashed walls, the clean scrubbed floor, the blue draperies at the front of the church, the flowers on the pulpit, the piano and the new teak Communion table given by one of the women teachers as a memorial with "I am the Bread of Life" carved across the front.

The church was filled with worshippers, and all seemed as it used to be. Then I remembered—and sniffed—there was nothing



but the fragrance of the flowers to greet my nostrils, but I remembered that for four years a conquering army used this Christian church as a brewery, with a great boiler in the front driveway and pig pens by the Sunday school rooms, for it was rice liquor they made and the refuse fattened the pigs. When the war was over and the Christians returned to their former place of worship, it was a sorry mess. Windows, doors, pews, all traces of its former use gone—only the architecture of the building left to remind one that it had once been a church. But the returning Christians were undaunted. They began to scrub. For more than a year the odor of malt clung to the place. Today it is once more a house of worship and four times each Sunday congregations filled this church for services in three different languages. One might ask why there could not be one big union service instead of four. The answer is that there were four big union services with the church full each time. Here as in many places was evidence of a hunger for things of the spirit.

There is a Christian coeducational school here also, managed by a Burmese headmistress with the help of a Christian school committee. Ten races including Kachins are represented among the 350 students, with ninety per cent Christians in the high school classes.

*In the Land of the Kachins*—Leaving Maymyo behind we traveled north by way of Lashio, where we spent a night. The second day our goal was Kutkai, and it was another beautiful morning with feasts for the eye—blue skies, winding mountain roads, and more flowering jungle trees. Now we began to meet Kachins along the road, the women in colorful dresses with baskets on their heads held by a strap across the forehead, the men with wide trousers and carrying guns and swords.

At Kutkai many Kachins from the surrounding territory had come to greet us. The once attractive fieldstone mission house and church were bombed and burned out, so we put up our cots in a mat house. The Christian teachers gave us food and every comfort they could supply.

From Kutkai we continued north crossing two ranges of mountains. I think Mr. Sword knew every point and curve in the road, and had memories of each. He would point and begin, "Over there on the top of that hill is a Christian village—" and so be off on a story that would often last until another would suggest itself. Near Nampaka we passed the site of a battlefield where Americans and Japanese fought, with many American boys slaughtered in one day. Here along the Burma Road were wrecked trucks and tanks—grim reminders of battle and Lend Lease days when trucks drove wildly between Lashio and China.

We came to Nampaka about noon and stopped in the house of Nang Mai, the oldest daughter of Sara Zaw Mai, an outstanding

Christian pastor. Her husband is a captain in the Army. Nang Mai is the mother of six children, one of them still small, but she teaches in the Kachin Christian school at Nampaka and is the leading soul in a great movement among the Kachins in that area.



*The Kachin women whom Nang Mai represents are making a large contribution to the spread of the gospel in the hills of northern Burma.*

We went into her bamboo house built on stilts several feet off the ground. By a short ladder that served as stairs we entered the main room where there was a clean fire burning on a square of cement in the middle of the room. At one side there was a bright rug and behind the fire, against the wall, were pillows and a red blanket. The latter was the place of honor, and one is not expected to take that place until invited. Gradually people began to gather—first a group of women with babies on their backs, women nurses from the Namkham hospital and teachers, then the pastor and his wife, and the Headmaster of the school, to whom the missionary had turned over the funds and responsibility when he had to flee before the invading army in 1942. There was much good talk and good food, after which we walked about a mile away to the Christian school.

The school stands on a little plateau which was a battleground during the war. Almost every house in the village had been destroyed. Many new houses were rising and the school had been entirely rebuilt. Of the 275 children enrolled, about fifty per cent were girls. It was a satisfying sight to see them all gathered on the hillside for a picture, knowing that only a few years before it was difficult to convince the Kachins of the importance of an education

for their girls. Now they are crowding into their schools, which the Christian Kachins are supporting, and here as everywhere in the hills the Woman's Board Secretary met the plea for a woman missionary.

At the 105th mile post we left the Burma Road and turned to the left over the Stilwell Road from Ledo, crossing another range of mountains into the Shweli River valley and driving for a time along the China Border. We arrived at Namkham in time for a refreshing cup of tea. Dr. Grace Seagrave was expecting us. Dr. Gordon Seagrave was away in America. Dr. Grace had the help of Dr. Htu and Dr. Ba Saw, Chinese and Burmese doctors. The hospital was crowded with people coming long distances. About eighty new girls were expected to enter training soon, and among the entire enrollment twenty frontier tribes and races were represented.

From Namkham we journeyed north to Bhamo over a dusty mountain road. Little of the old town of Bhamo is left. Some rebuilding was going on along the Irrawaddy River, but very little in the part of the city where the mission compound lies. While they awaited the reconstruction of the badly damaged mission residence, Rev. and Mrs. Martin England and their four children (baby Florence was only three weeks old when we were there) lived in a four-room mat house left by the Japanese. A good dinner, a good visit, a night's rest and we were off again the next morning for Myitkyina (Myi-chen-na) and the village of Monkhin, where the Kachin Association meetings had already begun.

That night we were comfortably housed in the temporary hut which was formerly American Army quarters and officers' mess. We slept on good spring cots left by the Army and were fed by a Christian Burmese couple who helped the Kachin Christian school. These Christian Kachins suffered much from the war. The open air meeting place, constructed of bamboo and thatch by the river-side, was already full when we joined the congregation. At least one-third of the audience were women—Kachin, Lisu and other races in colorful costume. Here I met Gawlu Lu for the first time. She was a Deputy Inspector of Schools. Gawlu Lu is an able and enterprising Christian Kachin woman.

*Kachin women's costume front and back with silver disks*





*The back of a Lisu  
costume is more gay  
than—*



Returning from Myitkyina we spent another night at Bhamo with time now to see the property there and talk with the people. The war scattered the Christians and not many have returned to the town. The next morning Mr. England drove me ten miles to the village of Momauk to a district meeting of the women. In this group were Kachins, Karens, Burmese, Shans and Chinese. Under the able leadership of Saramu Tu Rau, a Kachin woman who studied at Judson College, the Bhamo women have contributed to the Sumprabum school, the support of two evangelists, and the Bible schools at Kutkai and Insein.

The Namkham-Kutkai Kachin Association held at Namtau was a high point in the whole Burma visit. In the early 1920's when the missionary and his wife came into this section to open a new station at Kutkai there were 550 Christians. Reports at this Association meeting showed 5000 Christians and the records had not been completed since the war. More than 4500 were registered! The Kutkai church alone, covering a radius of ten miles around Kutkai town, where there were no Christians in 1921, has a present membership of 2200. In the six months prior to these meetings, twenty-five families had thrown out their nat altars and become Christians.

Since the war the missionaries have had little part in the direction of the work except through letters of counsel and very short visits, but in the previous twenty years they had done a better piece of



*the front. The cloth is hand-  
woven and made in traditional  
applique patterns*

work than they knew in training and developing leaders. The people in Rev. Gustaf Sword's book, *Come What May*, came alive for me as I watched them in action. Sara La Htaw Gam, one of the teachers of the Kutkai Bible School, presided over the meetings which began and closed on time in a wonderful spirit of fellowship and inspiration. Sara Zau Yaw of the Bible School gave wise leadership to the committees that did their work with dispatch and presented reports showing progress in every department. The missionary, once their director, was now their honored guest, and wisely kept his new role. Pastors and Christian workers from far away places in the hills greeted him for the first time in four years. These meetings were fraught with emotion, for they had been lonely years, but they were full of joy too as many witnessed to the growth of their own faith and to the increase in the number of Christians.

On Sunday morning I spoke to hundreds of women crowded in the thatched roof meeting place. Almost every woman wore typical Kachin dress—a black turban headdress, a red hand-woven skirt and a black blouse with a yoke heavy with rows of silver disks. Most of them were illiterate village women, but they have some educated leaders and through prayers and gifts they are a power for Christ's cause in this frontier country. Outstanding in the group were the women trained in the Kutkai Bible School. One of them was Nang Pri.

When Nang Pri graduated she was sent to a village where the Kachin evangelist had died. The village did not want a girl, but the missionary replied, "She is all we have to send you. Try her for six months." At the end of the six months almost all the village came saying, "We want this girl to live and work among us."

Nang Pri comes of sturdy Kachin stock. Her father was chief of his village. He died when Nang Pri was a little girl. Her mother was a woman of strong personality and influence, so she was made chief. Today Nang Pri works in Sambu, six miles directly east of Kutkai. She teaches the village school during the rainy season. She serves as midwife when needed, rendering the only medical care many of these people have. She calls on the sick and buries the dead. She teaches people how to build their houses on high ground with proper sanitation. She preaches on Sunday and is an evangelist for a wide area. Nang Pri is in every way a pastor in her ministry. She is one of many such young women trained and being trained in this Bible school in the hills of Burma.

Like the Karen and Burmese women, the Kachin women are a source of great strength to the pastors and churches. As I talked with them and heard their ambitious plans and pleas for more missionaries, I thought of Mrs. Gustaf Sword, who had helped lay the foundations of women's work among them. Months later, after I returned to New York, I waved goodbye to Mrs. Sword as she

stood on the deck of the "Queen Mary" bound for Burma to rejoin her husband, and my mind went back to the days of that Association meeting and that great crowd of Christians and their leaders. I thought of the many young missionaries whom I had seen on mission fields in the months of 1947 just beginning their life work, and wondered how many of them would be permitted to see such fruits of their labors in a like period of twenty-five years.

In these hills where the responsibility rests with Northern Baptists, many thousands live under the power of fear. The physical needs alone of these hill people are appalling. Of one large area Rev. Martin England says, "Apparently only the mosquitoes are healthy." With the beginning of the rains, bacillary dysentery, malaria and typhoid break out. Only the strongest survive. Children and old people weakened by malaria and undernourishment succumb by tens and dozens every season. Opium is a scourge and Mr. England remarks, "If 100 average Americans were infected with malaria for one week with nothing to relieve them but opium, they would readily understand what these people face constantly. Many leaders feel that Christian medical doctors and nurses would be a powerful evangelistic agency, especially in the Triangle area in the North."

Sara Zau Tu of Sinlum pleaded, "You missionaries have been trying to force the gospel food between the clenched teeth of some peoples, while you have almost ignored us animists who are crying for it with wide open mouths like hungry young birds."

New missionaries and native evangelists put into the virgin territory of the hills of Burma would mean new churches all over that area within a decade or two. These would be self-supporting from the time of their organization and begin to contribute to evangelistic work among their neighbors.

*The Shan States*—We retraced our journey south through Kutkai and Lashio, then turned off through the Shan States with stops at a number of places. It was good to drive into Taunggyi (Toung-je) at sunset, the evening of the third day, and be welcomed by Rev. and Mrs. William Hackett and Dr. Anna Barbara Grey, who had come up from Moulmein. Our two days there were spent in viewing property and visiting with the Christians. One afternoon there was an inspiring meeting in the church with about a hundred women, including six kinds of Karens, Chinese, Burmese and a group of Taungthu women who had walked six miles that morning.

*In the Karenni Hills*—From Taunggyi, where Miss Lucy Wiatt left us, we travelled south an easy day's ride to Loikaw. Miss Helen Hunt joined us as we became guests of Dr. Phyllis Krasu, widow of Dr. Robbin Krasu, a promising physician who was martyred during the war. Dr. Phyllis is living here with her four lovely children



and is Chief Medical Officer for the State with responsibility for a hospital and two outstation dispensaries.

On the outskirts of Loikaw the jeep toiled up a road hidden by tangled vegetation and made almost impassable by heavy rains and neglect during the war. At the top of the hill the greedy jungle, now higher than my head, had encroached on the land and almost obliterated traces of what once had been a busy mission center. Only a flight of four stone steps was left of a little hospital. Mounting these steps we saw only a solitary stone chimney rising out of the jungle to mark the place where a missionary's home had stood. Pushing through the briars and overgrowth, we found the cement foundations of pillars that had supported the school girls' dormitory.

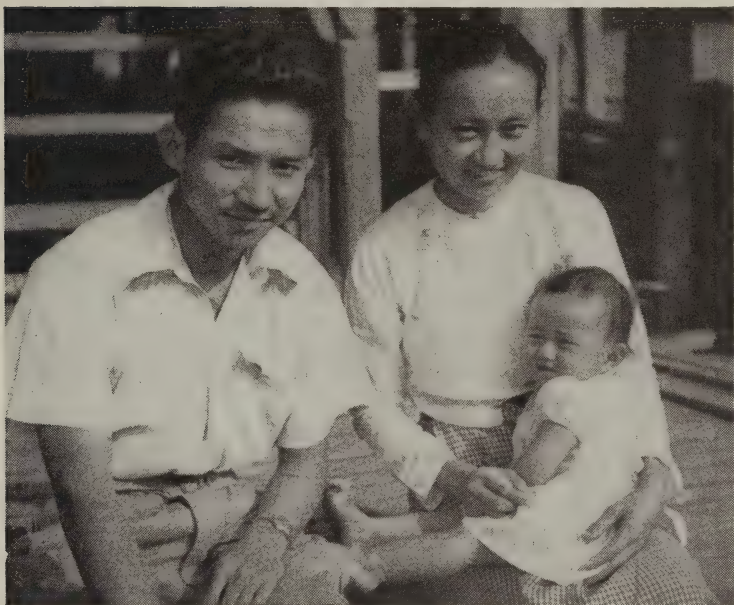
For a few minutes the scene had a depressing effect on the visitors who had so many ties with the past. We spoke of how from this former busy missionary outpost in Burma the gospel of Jesus Christ had been carried far and wide into the hills. It was here in the only school of its kind in a wide area that village boys and girls who had walked for several days came to live in the mission hostel and obtain the rudiments of a Christian education. Later we stood by the grave of the missionary, Dr. Truman Johnson, who gave many years of his life to a healing and evangelistic ministry, and we spoke of the grave of his widow in India, where she had died after evacuation at the outbreak of the war.

Visiting the scene of desolation on the hilltop, one might well ask, "Of what worth was all the investment of life and money?" The answer was all about us. In the town at the foot of the hills are Christian homes and a Christian church with hundreds of members in the surrounding hills. The head of the government in this capital of a frontier state was Saw Torrey, a young Karen educated at Judson College. He and his wife are Christian leaders in the community.

We travelled south from Loikaw into the heart of the Karenni hills and at dusk drew up in the village of Prusoe, capital of Kyebugyi State, before the home of the Myosa (native prince), Sao Shwe, and his wife, Katherine, and charming baby daughter. Here was hospitality that warmed our hearts. After hot baths and a delicious meal, we gathered in the main room of the haw (palace) to visit and at bedtime the invitation of Sao Shwe for evening prayers brought others from the village crowding into the house and filling every available space on the mat strewn floors.

This Christian prince was won to Christ during his years in a mission school. His wife Katherine, sister of Dr. Robbin Krasu, comes from an outstanding Karen Christian family and was graduated from Judson College just before the war. Together they are trying to bring the blessings of Christ and the gospel to the Karenis of his State.

*The haw,  
or palace*



*Sao Shwe, Katherine and the baby*

World Mission Crusade relief money, medicines and clothing have been greatly appreciated and have helped open the hearts of these needy people to the gospel.

Shut up in their hill villages, these animistic people lived in fear and poverty. Few of the 16,000 had heard the gospel or were willing to listen to it. Now with a Christian ruler the miracle of the gospel is taking place. The door is open and this young couple are appealing for Christian teachers and preachers and have offered land and building materials if American Baptists will locate a missionary at Prusoe.



*World Mission Crusade relief funds reached such needy mountain homes as this*

At the close of the war, Katherine wrote, "We had to start our homes from scratch. Villages between Loikaw and Mawchi are all burnt down. Many people are starving and are deprived of homes. Our income is very little, as the state is very poor. So far we have not turned away any of the crowds of destitutes without food. Our days are full with their pouring-out of their hardships and worries. We are just looking forward for the rains to come when we will be able to plant paddy and corn again. Preachers are needed. I hope that mission work will be carried out again among these animists because their hearts are the darkest among all races and difficult to penetrate. Pray that our lives may be used for the betterment of these poor, ignorant people."

From Loikaw we travelled southward along a road strewn with wrecks of tanks and vehicles abandoned by a retreating army in the last days of the war as they attempted to cross the Salween River and escape from Burma. At Kemapyu on the Salween we turned and headed due westward beginning at once to climb into the hills on a road of unbelievable grades and dangerous curves. I marvelled at the way our little jeep made progress. The mountain views were breath-taking. Some of this was elephant country and rounding one curve we came upon some elephants being used to drag great timbers out of the forest. Our little jeep frightened them and they began to cry, much to the amusement of the mahouts, their drivers.

Late in the afternoon we came into the mining town of Mawchi perched far up on the mountainside. After miles of wilderness, it seemed unreal to come into a little mountain village in the evening



and find in the center of it on a small level spot a Christian church with a spire reaching heavenward! We were royally entertained in one of the Christian homes and were fed an English style meal by a man who had once been a cook for an American but was then engaged in Christian work with young people. While the evening church bell rang, crowds began to come from over the mountain roads and paths, carrying pine torches or miner's little carbide lamps. It was a beautiful sight. Benches had been stolen from the chapel during the war, and so the people sat on the floor with the little lamps in front of them to light up their Bibles and hymn books. I shall carry with me always the memory of that sea of faces lighted by the glow of hundreds of little lights.

We left Mawchi in the Karen hills early in the morning for Mile 40, where we were to be guests of another Karen Christian village the following night.

Thra Mooler, a teacher of the Karen Seminary and his wife, Marina, were directing the relief and rehabilitation program and sharing in the people's poverty and spending themselves in a great spiritual ministry. Associated with them was Naw Rebecca, the only woman to graduate from the Divinity School at Insein before the war, and she was just beginning her work as supervisor of women's work in the Toungoo District.

The following extract from Thra Mooler's letter gives some indication of how the Christians of Burma have tried to help their own people and of what relief money, medicine and material aid have meant in physical and spiritual ministry:

"I am writing this letter to express my thankfulness to our missionaries and American Baptists for all the help you have given us. Many destitutes have been clothed and the medicines have improved the health of hundreds. Several have frankly expressed their thankfulness saying that if they did not receive clothes they would not dare to move about. How relieved to see those who wore gunny sacks now gladly wearing better clothes. Children, especially, are so delighted to come to schools and churches with their new clothes. We hope conditions may be better so that they can afford to buy one extra clothes for change.

"Personally I like to go back to the Seminary to teach, but I strongly feel I am still needed for the people up here, so that I have decided to keep on to October when I think they will be able to stand on their own feet again. We are short of ordained ministers. I have baptized 23 adults and given communion service twice. I am badly in need of grape juice and dry grapes. We have started doing reconstruction of Bawgaligy village. About 200 houses are now in ruined condition. We have two volunteer groups to sew clothes.

"Our Christians here are hungry and thirsty for missionaries. If any of you can come up to the hills, I am afraid they will forget themselves and kiss you even. On behalf of the Christians of Paku field very soon I have to write our Mission Board in America. I am so glad that you are going to visit us sometime in March. By seeing the conditions I am sure you can give us practical suggestions and help. Our people will have long necks expecting you all. I have visions for this area and other backward areas, but we need the help of the Mission."

*Sara Zau Yaw teaches in the Kachin Bible School, Kutkai, and at home trains future teachers and preachers*



# *India*

## ASSAM

The last day of March I travelled by plane to Calcutta and started off the next day for Assam. I found the roads here wonderful, but except for the days in the Garo Hills, I was on one road practically all the time from one end of the province to the other—a highway macadamized by the American Army for transporting supplies into Burma. In contrast to the destruction I had just witnessed and the wartime neglect of property, the mission compounds in Assam were beautiful and greener than usual at this season. Coming from a country that had been a battleground, where missionaries had few comforts and as yet few necessities, I was delighted to find our missionaries in homes comfortably furnished, with curtains at the windows, pictures on clean walls and their lifetime collection of books undisturbed in bookcases. It was restful to look out on lawns that had not been trampled into the earth by trucks and tanks, and to see unscarred majestic trees. It was good to be in Assam.

My visit began at Tura in the Garo Hills where I spent a memorable Easter Sunday. The Tura church stands by the road leading from the town into the hills, and scantily clothed brown skinned hill folk passing by and hearing the singing often stop and watch through the open windows or enter and sit in the rear quietly listening and watching. From my seat in the right front, I watched these visitors and the crowd of reverent worshippers—women and girls in white saris on the left, the men and boys on the right, the choir on the left front near the reed organ, which was played by a Garo man. The hymns and the service, led by Rev. A. F. Merrill, were in a tongue strange to my ears, but the Easter message is beautiful in any language.

From Tura a day's drive through the hills brought me to Gauhati, where our mission work is largely with the Assamese, and after a day I began my journey up the Brahmaputra Valley through green rice fields. Between Nowgong and Jorhat, I saw for the first time tea gardens which line the road on both sides for long stretches, neat regular rows of low, green, flat-topped bushes with taller leafy trees planted to give shade to the tender tea leaves. Immigrants of many races from other parts of India have come to work in the tea gardens and have long been a challenge to Christian missionary endeavor. Evangelistic results among them have been gratifying.





*Garó girls' sewing class,  
Tura*

On some of our mission fields one language is spoken throughout the entire field, but in the Assam Mission there are more than 150 languages and dialects. Our missionaries have worked with about twenty-five of these language groups. The Assamese and the immigrants of the plains are mostly Hindus and Mohammedans. The hill peoples—Garos, Nagas of many kinds, Kacharis, Mikirs, Abors and many others—are animists.

It was a disappointment not to be able to visit Sadiya, also, where Rev. and Mrs. John Selander work among the Abors. Our Woman's Foreign Board helps in a small way with the work among the women and girls there.

From Jorhat I turned back to Golaghat for a few days, then proceeded to Manipur Road station by train, where I was met by Rev. George Supplee and driven to Kohima in the Naga Hills. For ten miles or more on both sides of the road out of Manipur Road station were the remains of American Army installations now rapidly being overgrown by jungle. The last twenty miles we climbed steadily and the view of range after range of mountains was glorious. I am sure that everyone who visits Kohima dreams of returning some day to stand on the top of the hill in the Naga village above the town and drink in again the strength and beauty of those majestic peaks.

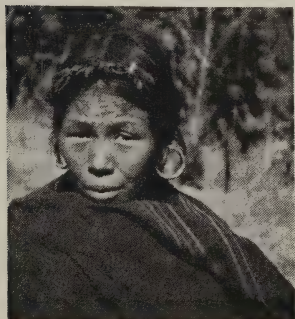
The Nagas are picturesque hill peoples with the vigor and initiative possessed by many of the hill peoples of Assam and Burma. Their villages are perched on hilltops, and their crops grow in terraces on the hillsides. Several experiences with these people will remain high points for me, among them the Christian Endeavor meeting of more than 300 Christian Naga young people on the evening I arrived in Kohima.

*Rosalind, daughter of the  
first ordained Naga pastor*



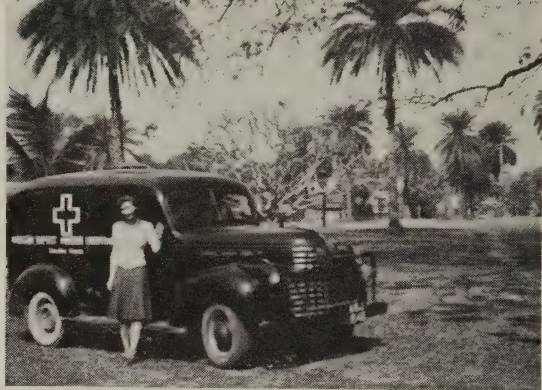
Here I met Rosalind, or Sokhrienuo, as she is known among her own people. In the Naga hills we still speak of "firsts." Rosalind is the first girl of the Angami Naga race to finish high school and the first to graduate from college with a B.A. degree. Her father was the first ordained Naga pastor. Her mother still teaches in a village and is one of the leading women. While teaching in the government high school in Kohima, Rosalind married the assistant headmaster. In addition to the care of her home and two little children, she teaches and has been given the responsibility of translating certain parts of the Pentateuch into the Angami Naga language.

From Kohima I went into Manipur State to Kangpokpi (Kang-pok-pi), where one of our new missionary couples, Rev. and Mrs. John Anderson, are busy studying the Thadou Kuki language and making their Christian home in this frontier country. It is inspiring to see new missionaries presented to the Northern Baptist Convention, but it is a heartening privilege to see them settling down on foreign mission stations, grappling with a strange language and



*This Thadou Kuki woman comes from  
one of many branches of the Kukis in  
Manipur State*

*Dr. Mary Kirby  
ready to go*



serious mission problems. I was impressed with the uniformly high caliber of our young missionaries on all these fields. In ten years' time much of the burden of policy making and far reaching decisions will rest on their shoulders. I cannot but be grateful that the work of Northern Baptists is going to be in the hands of such humble, consecrated and exceedingly capable young people.

**Medical Work**—The Woman's Hospital at Gauhati was used by the military during the war, though the missionary medical staff remained and gave valiant service with the military staff. Their ministry to service men and women and to thousands of refugees from Burma is a war chapter not to be surpassed by any other hospital.

Partly because of the war and partly because of factors already operating when the war broke out, the work in this mission hospital for women and children has seen a remarkable growth. It is the opinion of the Mission, especially of the medical group, that this growth is permanent, and that the challenge of these enlarged opportunities must be accepted *now*.

The military erected two temporary buildings on the hospital compound which have been used to capacity since the Army turned the buildings over to the Mission, but these are deteriorating and should be replaced as soon as possible by a new building for wards. The hospital profited much in the way of equipment and supplies donated when the military left. Two much needed units, the dispensary and the nurses' classroom, have been added from military rentals. It is notable also that the character of this institution, formerly a woman's hospital, has changed. Today fifty per cent of the patients are women, twenty-five per cent are men and twenty-five per cent children. The hospital is now known as the American Baptist Mission Hospital.

Dr. Alice Mark, an Assamese, has been an able colleague of the American doctors, and other nationals have served for shorter periods. A new doctor should be appointed to be associated with



Dr. Mary E. Kirby since Dr. Alice Randall, who has rendered such notable service, will not be able to return for health reasons. Also urgent is the appointment of two nurses to replace Miss Verna Blakely, detained at home on account of health, and Miss Millie Marvin, now in her last term.

Phenomenal growth has also come in recent years to the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital in Jorhat, where Dr. Oliver Hasselblad and Miss Almyra Eastlund are in charge. The need for a second nurse is urgent. The administration of these nurses' training schools in mission hospitals is an exceedingly heavy responsibility for missionaries to carry alone and will continue to be so until women of the country have higher qualifications fitting them to be heads of nurses' training schools. We look to the Christian Medical College at Vellore, South India, to help provide such nurses through their graduate courses.

Another medical center is at Tura in the Garo Hills where Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Downs are doctor and nurse. This hospital is not a large one, but renders a Christ-like ministry. Mrs. Downs has been assisted by a Garo trained nurse and a group of practical nurses. The Woman's Foreign Board has approved the salary of a second trained nurse to strengthen the staff.

The two nurses' training schools at Gauhati and Jorhat help to train many girls from the Garo and Naga hills who return to their villages to serve as nurses. Since 1941, Seventieth Anniversary funds of the Woman's Foreign Board have contributed to the support of Rachel Ao, an Ao Naga graduate of the Gauhati Nurses' Training School. She cares for the boys and girls in the Impur school and is her own compounder in the dispensary. The Government doctor from Mokochung makes occasional visits. Rachel also travels for two or three days at a time in the villages where hundreds of people have no other qualified medical help.

No account of medical missions in Assam is complete without mention of the fine medical and spiritual ministry to lepers at Jorhat by Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Kirby, retired missionaries of the General Society. It is also good to know that in the months since I was in Kangpokpi Dr. and Mrs. Frank Curry, new missionaries, have arrived to reopen the general medical and leper work at that needy frontier station.

*Educational Work*—The first educational work<sup>1</sup> I visited in Assam was that among the Garos in Tura. Miss Fern Rold in the girls' elementary school and Rev. Alfred Merrill in the district village schools are laying sound foundations. The General Society maintains a dormitory for Garo boys who attend the government school and provides a strong Christian program supervised by Rev. Herbert Randall. Both boys and girls attend the coeducational government high school.

The Woman's Board appropriations help the Garos maintain fifteen primary village schools by providing part of the teachers' salaries and half of the expense of some equipment. The Garos themselves maintain many village schools. In fact, among non-Christians there is no interest whatsoever in education, but the Garo Christians will sacrifice to provide an education for their children.

Typical are the Christians of Nisangram in the northeast association, where there are about 250 houses, a church, a middle school for boys, a high school, all supported by the Christian community. They wanted a grammar school for girls and have built a school house and a dormitory. They have looms and want to teach weaving. They begged for the help of a woman missionary in supervising even if only for occasional visits. It seems tragic not to be able financially to encourage such initiative. The Catholics are working hard in this area and would seize the opportunity to put nuns in charge of that school, but these people are earnest Protestants and do not want to turn to them.

The next school I visited was the Satribari school in Gauhati, which means "Garden of Girls," in charge of Miss Ethel Nichols. This is a boarding school on the cottage plan with about fourteen to twenty girls in each cottage. All of the ten teachers are Christians and have had at least one year of training.

Our mission girls' high school in Assam located at Golaghat and in charge of Miss Marion Tait and Miss Maza Evans is a school of which we may be proud. The Board has provided funds to build and equip a new Domestic Science cottage to replace the present mud building. It will be along Indian lines though more substantial than the old building, and the equipment will be in keeping with that of Indian homes. The teacher for these courses was trained in Home Arts at Allahabad Mission Agricultural School far away in central India.

Miss Anandi Kenowar ably directs the teachers' training classes at Nowgong and edits "Dipti" (Light), an Assamese Christian magazine primarily for women and children. Miss Puspoluta Bhuyan, with special training in 1946-1947 at Wardha, a school teaching Gandhi's principles of village education, has returned to assist in the grammar and primary school.

*The College Hostel*—To help meet the need of Christian college students, the Woman's Board erected on the Satribari compound in Gauhati the Sarah E. White Memorial Hostel for young women attending Cotton College, a government institution. Although others have helped for short periods, Miss Marion Burnham of the General Society, Secretary and Treasurer of the Mission, has added to her other heavy duties the supervision of this hostel.

*Bible Training Schools*—The Gale Memorial Bible School, under the supervision of Miss Victoria Christenson, trained many women

workers in past years but had to be closed when the military requisitioned the mission buildings in Jorhat. The reopening of the school is being delayed pending completion of a study of all theological education in Assam. Post-war studies of this field recommended that coeducational Bible schools in the vernacular be established in several language areas of the hills and plains. A Bible school in Kohima is already enrolling Naga girls.

*Women's Societies*—The women of the churches meet yearly at the time of the Assam Baptist Convention, largely for inspiration. To women of many races and tribes and different stages of development, organization comes slowly. There are women's societies in every church, and the hill women especially are good givers to the work. The Garo women still have the "handful of rice" offerings, which I understand began among the Garos, but the giving of money is fast increasing. The women in one Association during the year of my visit were contributing to the support of an evangelist and twenty-nine schools. One hundred and fifty women from seven Naga villages came to meet me at Kohima to tell me of the work they are doing for Christ and the church. They too help support evangelists and Bible women. They also give rice or make Naga blankets which they sell, contributing proceeds to their mission work.

It would mean more than imagination can grasp if the Woman's Foreign Board could invest annually substantial amounts in each of the hill stations, including the new station of Aizuto among Sema Nagas and the reopened work at Ukhrul in Manipur State among Tangkhul Nagas. In Kangpokpi and these new stations there are almost no literate women. A beginning has been made with small grants to help employ a teacher or nurse, to maintain a girls' hostel and assist the missionary's wife to begin work among the women. The Ao Nagas at Impur are pleading for a woman missionary of their own to travel in the villages and work among the women.

It was a disappointment not to have time to visit the Ao Nagas at Impur. So it was a real joy to have a delegation of these women come to see me at Jorhat, and it was especially appreciated when I heard of the difficult journey they had made coming down the mountain by a very steep jungle path. The trip was hardest on Hattie, one of the older leading Ao Christian women. She began her work as teacher and matron in the Impur school twenty-five years ago, when there were only ten girls in the school. Today there are eighty girls enrolled. The group brought with them a petition for a woman missionary and a gift of carnelian beads worn by the Naga women. Miss Eastlund invited the group for tea and, not to be always on the receiving end, I gave them gay flowered handkerchiefs from America, which delighted them. We talked of





*Angami Nagas till their  
fields in terraces*

the needs among Hattie's people, had prayer together and took pictures. It warmed my heart to have Hattie say that the hard trip had been worth while, that it gave her hope for her people just to talk with a representative of Northern Baptist women.

I left Kangpokpi on a rainy morning in the mission truck with Rev. John Anderson who took me to a half-way place called Mau on the border of Manipur State. Here Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Tanquist of Kohima met me and drove me to Kohima in their jeep. Since it was raining, we made the change from the truck to the jeep at the government bungalow on the hillside above the road. We no sooner arrived in Mau than people began to come from all directions, many of them young people from the Naga village of Punamei on top of the hill behind Mau. They were one of the many groups that could receive but little of an overburdened missionary's time, but there were in the village a number of new Christians and a few literate women. The district evangelist and the village teacher accompanied them. The Maus have no part of the gospel in their own language. They sang in Manipuri, "Rejoice in the Lord." The written language is in roman characters and so we could sing together. Then a young woman with a baby asleep on her back bound in her Naga blanket spoke to me and her words were translated by the Christian nurse, Ah Kim, a graduate of the Gauhati Nurses' Training School who operates a dispensary along the roadside at Mau. It was as pretty a speech as I had made to me anywhere on my long journeys, expressing appreciation for the visit of a woman secretary. They wanted to greet me as Christians, and made the usual plea for missionaries and help toward a Christian school in order that their people might become literate.

Beside the speaker was a woman wrapped in a bright red shawl. She had stood perfectly still all the time and at the close of the speech I was quite startled to have her produce suddenly from under the red shawl, like a sleight of hand performance, a live black chicken which she presented to me. When I got back to the car in the rain, a garland of flowers around my neck and a live

chicken under my arm, they stood around the car and sang. As we rounded the curve in the mountain road we could hear growing fainter and fainter the strains of "Rejoice, give thanks and sing." It was another of the little interludes on these hill roads of Burma and Assam that proved to be a Christian love feast. We did not speak each other's human language, but Christ was very near to us as we prayed, each in her own language, and sang praises to the same Lord and Savior.

Seeing at first-hand the needs of hill women, listening repeatedly to the requests for missionaries to teach them, realizing that the hearts and minds of these people are wide open to the gospel message but feeling also the pressures of many undesirable influences which are being brought to bear upon them—I felt in their appeals a sense of urgency hard to withstand. The General Society will take the lead in these pioneer hill areas, but the Woman's Society cannot say no to such entreaties and be true to the purpose for which it was established.

Few places offer the challenge to Foreign Mission effort that is found in Assam, both on the plains and in the hills. In three years the number of Baptists has increased from 79,000 to 95,000. Of many tribes and races and often widely separated geographically, these people are coming together in an Assam Baptist Council of Churches, giving strength to the whole Christian movement in the Brahmaputra Valley and the Garo and Naga Hills. Six new families and one single woman missionary have been appointed in the past two years. More missionaries and more funds would mean a great ingathering in the next decade. If Northern Baptists lift the level of their giving this challenging advance may be possible.

*The Lord has planted churches like this one at Kangpokpi among the hills and in the valleys of Assam*



# BENGAL-ORISSA



*This thrifty Santal home of mud and thatch made me realize I was in Bengal*

After a few days in Calcutta, I was met by Miss Ruth Daniels, who travelled with me to Midnapore by way of Khargpur, the railway center. As we rode, we talked of the recent years when this whole area through which we were passing was stricken by famine and suffered from a devastating cyclone as well.

At Khargpur that evening as we stepped from the train we were surrounded by a group of attractive sari-clad teachers who had come in the school bus seven miles to escort us to Midnapore over the long modern bridge built during the war to connect the two towns. It was bright moonlight and we rode along tree lined roads between dry, brown rice fields. The scanty vegetation and the low flat-roofed houses hugging the ground reminded me that I was no longer in Burma or in Assam. This was further impressed upon me as we alighted at the door of the mission bungalow, a square, white, flat-roofed house, and later climbed an outside stairway to our beds in the screened room on the roof. Here there was a welcome breeze from the Bay of Bengal most of the night.

Henderson House, Miss Daniel's home, was bought by the Free Baptist Mission Society in days long ago when the town was a military station. Here the pioneer physician, Dr. O. R. Bachelier, erected the first building for a Christian printing press in Bengal-Orissa, and years later his daughter, "Doctor Mary," conducted the only medical work in the mission in the same room where Christian literature was produced for their staunch Hindu neighbors. Medical



work was discontinued in 1936, when Dr. Bacheler returned to America after sixty years of service.

At Midnapore Northern Baptists have their one piece of work for the Bengalis, the dominant race in the province. The principal of the fine Girls' High School is an Indian Christian woman, Mrs. Bina Biswas. Miss Daniels is relatively free to engage in general evangelistic work in the district. The school has quite outgrown its building, and new classroom additions are on the list of urgent needs.

Some idea of the immensity of our task in India can be gained by a few figures from this smallest of all Northern Baptist mission fields. If a worker at Midnapore were to visit three villages a day continuously for 365 days every year, an entire generation would have passed away before he could visit all the villages in Bengal-Orissa.

I had arrived in Bengal and Orissa in the beginning of the extreme heat. This was the season of "morning school" only. By noon the house doors and window venetians were closed to shut out the heat and we rested on our beds under fans until about four o'clock, when we bathed again and had a refreshing cup of tea. In spite of this enforced midday rest, I found that the missionaries everywhere put in, in actual hours, long working days.

In the evening the teachers, all in luscious colored saris, dressed me in a beautiful rose one and took us to their quarters for a dinner of delicious pilau rice and curry, served at a round table set with shining brass plates and water mugs. Mrs. Biswas and other Bengali Christian women have given vital leadership to the total program of this Mission, particularly through the conference composed of women from all the races.

From Midnapore I travelled south on the railway, crossing into the province of Orissa to Balasore, where I was met about midnight by Miss Lillian Brueckmann and Miss Elizabeth Mooney. We rode in rickshaws to the mission compound half a mile away along a road lined with causerina trees, feathery in the moonlight. As we jogged along, followed by other rickshaws loaded with our luggage, my hostess reminded me that we were on the famous Pilgrim Road running from Puri to Benares, a road which farther north passes in front of the Baptist Church in Midnapore.<sup>1</sup>

I was reminded again that here in our Bengal-Orissa Mission Hinduism is deeply entrenched. New Christians come only one by one in contrast to the South India Mission, which lies in a mass movement area where people become Christians in whole family and community groups.

Here the Mission today has a Boys' High and Technical School and a Girls' High School with a Domestic Science Department—

schools which are fitting the young people of the Christian community to meet practical, daily problems of the Christian life. They are, with the strong church in Balasore, an evangelistic force in the non-Christian community. The Educational Department of the Provincial Government is progressive and attempts to provide free education for all girls by paying a grant to the school covering fees. In order to maintain the standards of a truly Christian school, some mission subsidy is necessary. More cottages for the girls' hostel are urgently needed.



*The Woman's Conference elected these officers at their Silver Jubilee in 1947. They support Bible women among the Koras and go themselves.*

Early one morning we started out in Dr. W. C. Osgood's car for Hatigarh, visiting en route Oriya (O-ree-ya), Santali and Kora villages. Eighteen miles from Balasore we left the car by the roadside on an embankment between rice fields and walked along the irrigation dikes to the Oriya village of Kundupore, where there is a Christian church. At the mud chapel, which is also the school house, the Christian community gathered to greet us. The little teacher is a niece of the first Christian in this area. When the visitors had been garlanded and the school children had sung a greeting composed for the occasion, there was prayer followed by a message. After brief stays in Santali and Kora villages we drove into Hatigarh. This once beautiful compound was almost denuded of its trees in the hurricane of 1942.

Hatigarh is an important rural center for women's work, and it is thought that the women's evangelistic missionary should live there

rather than at Balasore. Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Osgood and Miss Brueckmann have plans for strengthening the work in Christian village life with an evangelistic program, including public health, homemaking, adult literacy and primary education.

In the late afternoon we walked over the mission compound and visited the Leper Colony some distance away. After a short worship service in the neat little mud chapel we walked down the road between the mud and thatch homes of the lepers. In this Colony under supervision of the Mission, lepers are given regular treatments, land to cultivate, and a money grant to help build their houses. Otherwise they fend for themselves and in so doing maintain their self-reliance and self-respect.

The dispensary is one of our few medical projects in this field. An Indian compounder and nurse, paid by combined grants of Government, Mission and Red Cross, constitute an all too meager staff. Post-war studies urgently appeal for the appointment of a mission doctor and two public health nurses, one for each of the two natural geographical divisions of this field.

The women who had come from many villages to greet me crowded into the Hatigarh church one evening until I wondered whether the room would hold another person. Everything that was said was put into both the Santali and Oriya languages. One leader handed me a map of the district which she had made showing the very few churches scattered widely throughout the area and then appealed for more workers. Few of the women are literate, and their physical and spiritual needs pull at the heart strings.

On the return trip to Balasore we visited several villages of the primitive Koras, a mixed race related to the Santals. One small group had been Christians for only three years. Most were illiterate and all needed more teaching in the Christian life. The Koras have no written language and so in this area they must use Santali, while those in the Bhimpore District must use the Bengali language.

The churches in this field are united through the Home Mission Board. I was present at Chandipore at the seaside for their yearly retreat and listened while the workers brought their annual reports and made plans for a new year. Mr. Rama Kanta Sahu and others are giving able leadership. Even the visitor who did not understand the language could not fail to appreciate the strong Christian personalities in the group and their spiritual fellowship.

The women are contributing gifts and leadership. Most of them have had only an informal training given by the missionaries, but three young women have been sent to Leonard Theological College (Methodist) at Jubbulpore in Central India. I spent half a day or more with Bidhu Dolai and Satayabati Behera and was delighted to find what their training had done for them. They have a knowledge of the Bible and how to use it to win others. They had had



experience at Allahabad Mission Agricultural Institute in the Home Arts course, which is required of the Bible women. They spoke with eagerness of what they hoped to do in village evangelistic work. These young women were to me something new in Bible women, and I longed for many like them for all our fields.



*Satyabati Behera, an Oriya, Nolini Kisku, a Santal, Hemlota Dey, Bengali, are leaders from the three major races in the mission*

By this time the heat was becoming very trying, reaching 116 degrees. Schools were closed and it was time for missionaries to get away to the hills for much needed vacations, and my visit to the remaining stations of this Mission was postponed.

I returned in August during the monsoon rains and drove thirty miles from Khargpur to Bhimpore. Early accounts of this Mission mention only the Oriya and Bengali races. The Santals farther inland were "discovered" by itinerant evangelists and not until 1873 was the station established in Bhimpore. Much of the roadside on this drive is heavily wooded by typical Indian jungles. Government years ago turned over to the Mission responsibility for this "backward" race, satisfying themselves with subsidies for the schools the Mission established. Now 150 village primary schools are branches of the school at Bhimpore.

The town is in a center of a population of about 65,000 Santals. A program of evangelism and Christian training for Santal and Kora villages is planned for the Bhimpore-Jhargram area where Rev. and Mrs. August Berg and Miss Naomi Knapp are hard at work. This is but one of the many places on our foreign mission fields that are ripe for harvest. Appeals for expansion are a great challenge to Northern Baptists.

Miss Hazel Smith supervises the Girls' School with Miss Nolini Kisku as headmistress, the first Santal Christian woman in the Mission to graduate from college.\* This has been a primary and English grammar school without much in the way of permanent

\*It was with a great sense of loss that we received word of the sudden death of Miss Kisku on April 10, 1948.

buildings except a row of classrooms and a dormitory. The temporary mud house for the primary school is not a very economical building. New buildings for this only school for Santal girls have high priority. The Santal Boys' High School adjoins the Woman's Board property.

Following the famine of 1942, during which our missionaries gave notable service, a large number of famine orphans came under the care of the Mission. Christians were cared for in the school hostels and supported by private gifts and mission appropriations. The Government established orphanages in several places, and the Bhimpore station was asked to supervise one, for which the Government supplied financial grants and buildings. Miss Grace Hill gives much of her time to this project. Christian care and loving attention have wrought wonders for these children. It was hard to believe their sturdy little bodies had once been emaciated by hunger and disease. There is a progressive plan to prepare them for economic independence.

Miss Molina Marndi, trained almost entirely by the missionaries, is the leading Bible woman among the Santals, and has met a number of emergencies by assisting in the school hostel and with the orphans. She is beloved for her telling of Bible stories.

Everywhere I noted appreciation of the significant contribution made by the limited number of missionaries of the Woman's Society. A fine spirit of comradeship is characteristic of the mission family, and a visit to this field is a heart warming experience for a Woman's Board secretary.

It was from Khargpur in August that I set my face toward home once more, after nine months of almost constant travel. Never shall I forget the celebration that fairly shook the great port city of Bombay on August fifteenth when India became independent of foreign rule, a nation among nations. As my TWA plane circled over the city and turned westward over the Indian Ocean bound for America, there was in my heart a prayer that the leaders of this new nation might seek God's guidance in the solution of its tremendous problems—political, economic, social and religious.

Back at my desk once more, I thanked God for safe return from long journeys—the one just completed and the visit to the Belgian Congo in 1944. All five fields—Congo, Burma, Assam, Bengal-Orissa and South India—have been my home for varying periods in the last few years. It has been a time of fellowship and sharing of problems and plans in reconstruction and advance. Seeing God at work in the hearts of the men, women and little children of these lands brought great spiritual enrichment to my own life. May these experiences contribute in the future to a wise mission administration and a greater vision and understanding,

*"That he may be glorified."*

## SOUTH INDIA

When the heat became very trying and it was time for the missionaries to get away to the mountains for much-needed vacation, I went south to Madras and on to Kodaikanal, a hill station in the Palnai Hills with an altitude of about 7,000 feet.

Our South India Mission lies in the Madras Presidency and in Hyderabad State, where our missionaries work among the Telugu speaking people and mainly among two outcaste groups, the Madigas and the Malas, or the leather workers and the weavers. There are also significant movements among the caste people, or Sudras. This is in the mass movement area where people have come into the church by whole communities, faster than leadership and teaching can be provided. Life is on a very low economic plane. There is poverty such as we in America cannot imagine.

Baptist mission policy encourages self-support, and there has been real progress with much sacrificial giving by the Christians. With so many people living at subsistence level or below it, Telugu Christians probably will need help for a long time. Freedom for India has brought a new self-respect and independence of thought and action. It has also brought problems and confusion. Indian Christian friends are counting on our continued friendship and help as they face the new day.

By train, bus, motor car and jeep I was able to visit all the main stations of the Mission except three—Gurzalla, Sattenapalle, and Madira—as well as a large number of villages. During most of these weeks I was accompanied by Miss Helen Bailey, educational supervisor of the Mission who had been requested to make a survey of the Christian schools.

*Union Christian Colleges, Madras and Vellore*—At Madras I was fortunate to be present during the opening of the academic year at St. Christopher's Training College and the Woman's Christian College. In both of these union institutions, Northern Baptist women have had a part since their beginning, first in the leadership which Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery and Mrs. Henry W. Peabody and others gave in their founding and later in the contributions of the Woman's Foreign Board toward support and staff. The Telugu Baptist women who are in the highest positions of leadership in Christian education in the Mission have come from these schools. At the Woman's Christian College research in nutrition carried on by the Science Department is an outstanding contribution to the more abundant life for a famine-ridden India.

Miss Chandravathy, professor of Telugu at Woman's Christian College, is the daughter of a Baptist pastor at Kavali. We are proud not only of the academic work she is doing but also of the strength





*Dr. Carol Jameson in the operating theatre, Vellore*

she is giving to the spiritual life of the school. She has accepted the invitation of the Woman's Foreign Board to come to America for a year, beginning April 1948, to visit the churches of the Northern Baptist Convention.

At Vellore I was the guest of Dr. Carol Jameson, missionary doctor of the Woman's Society, and Dr. and Mrs. John Carman of the General Society. The coeducational Christian Medical College, Vellore, in which forty-one denominational and other groups co-operate, is in the midst of rapid expansion and an accelerated building program. This institution is now giving degrees of M.B., B.S. (equivalent to an M.D.). It is actually serving all our Baptist Missions in India and Burma. We have students, one of them from Assam, in three of the medical classes. We have students in three departments of the School of Nursing. At the time of my visit, the son of one of the first graduates of the Moulmein, Burma, Nurses' Training School was taking the laboratory course, expecting to take his mother's place in the Moulmein hospital dispensary. Dr. Carman is head of the Department of Surgery. Dr. Jameson is Vice-principal and head of the Department of Gynecology and Obstetrics. During my visit we heard of the award to Dr. Jameson by the Government of a gold Kaiser-I-Hind medal. It was a privilege to be present at the public reception given to Dr. Hilda Lazarus, an outstanding Christian of India who follows Dr. Ida S. Scudder as Principal of the College.

*In the Deccan*—From Kurnool Miss Bailey and I went to Secunderabad, the second city of the great native state of Hyderabad in the heart of India. The town is across the river from the capital, Hyderabad. This state, also called the Deccan, is a country of dire poverty and fabulous wealth. It has a Mohammedan ruler and a population that is eighty-five per cent Hindu, thirteen per cent Mohammedan and two per cent Christian. Although there have been

some officials in high places with progressive ideas, a conservative Mohammedan administration has prevailed. It is not easy to be a Christian in this state where there is no recognition, as in the former British ruled territory, of Sunday as a day of rest.

From Secunderabad we drove to the other stations of the Deccan, Nalgonda, Sooriapett, Jangaon (Jun-gan), and Hanumakonda (Hun-oo-ma-kon-da). Education in the Nizam's Dominions is much more backward than in the Madras Presidency. The Christian schools here make a unique contribution and need special consideration.

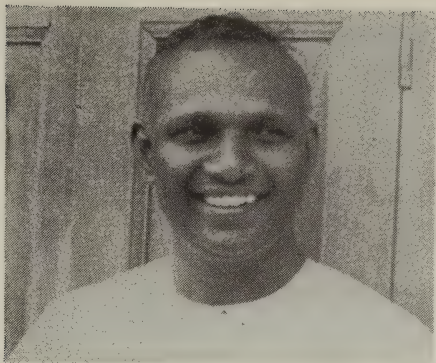
At Sooriapett seventy-five women were waiting to greet us, representing the local group and seven outlying villages. The afternoon hours passed all too quickly in a feast of fellowship and worship. Each group made a contribution to the program. Many were illiterate and unused to speaking before others. The better trained women moved about quietly helping the backward ones. Local women served puffed rice and coffee. It was easy to see that the missionary wife, Mrs. Gladys Martin Rowland, granddaughter of Dr. John E. Clough, with her able use of the Telugu language and her gracious, loving manner was in large part responsible for the unusual spirit of this group. She is but one of the many women missionaries of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society who have given remarkable service in the development of women's work.

A village woman displayed her eighth and only living child to me, the birth made possible by Caesarean section in the little Sooriapett hospital now closed for want of Indian medical staff. She told of the joy she and her husband have in this child and pleaded for the reopening of the little hospital.

The pastors and district workers had arrived for their quarterly meeting with the missionary. After dinner we talked together informally of what is being done for the women of their villages. The conversation turned on the thought uppermost in the minds of all Indians in the summer of 1947—the approach of India's independence. One pastor mentioned hearing commonly from non-Christians, "The Westerners will now leave India and take their religion with them. Then what will you Christians do?" The pastor's answer was, "The Christian religion is rooted in India and can never be taken away." He felt that Christians may expect a period of severe testing, and finished by saying, "But I believe the Christians of India will remain true under trial for their faith in Jesus Christ."

At Jangaon Miss Gulbanu is headmistress of Preston Institute. This is our only teachers' training school in the Deccan, and children from the elementary schools come here for high school work. Mr. K. P. Jerome, B.A., B.D. is the pastor and in charge of the district.

*Rev. K. P. Jerome, B.A.,  
B.D., evangelist Jangaon  
District*



From Jangaon an hour's ride in the hospital ambulance with Miss Elsie Larsen brought us to Hanumakonda, which means "hill of the monkey god." Five miles away is Fort Warangal, for centuries the capital of ancient Telugu kings and interesting for its many old relics. In fact, we were on some of the oldest land on earth, which scientists tell us was part of the earth's original crust.

I shall always cherish the pleasant memories of the meetings with the various groups of Indian Christians in these places, each quite distinctive and as different as were the many garlands—some of flowers and some of fragrant spices—with which the visitor in India is always greeted.

*In Madras Presidency*—During a night's journey by train we crossed the border of the Deccan into Madras Presidency. Near the border, as the train pulled in at the station at Madira early in the morning, we heard the singing of hymns and looking out, discovered a band of Christians, mostly women who had come to greet us, bringing us garlands of flowers and a flask of hot coffee. Their singing attracted the attention of the people on the train before whom it was a witness for Christ. Here Rev. J. P. Klahsen joined us and escorted us to Bezwada, a rapidly growing industrial city and railroad junction on the Calcutta-Madras line. Beside the city flows the sacred river Kistna and beyond, irrigation canals bring a rich harvest to the land.

We walked through the slum quarters of the city, where people who have come from all over India to work in the railroad shops and factories have erected temporary huts. Among them are Christians from almost every place where we have mission work. They are rickshaw coolies, laborers on canal boats, in factories and on the railway—everything from coolies to magistrates and station masters, from riffraff to the most trusted officials. It is a great melting-pot, and opportunities for Christian work are innumerable.





*Rice and curry in the girls' dormitory, Andhra Christian College, Guntur*

Baptists are by far the largest Christian community with over 3,000 Christians and four organized churches. Evangelistic work among the women is the home mission project of the Telugu Baptist Women's Convention with three Bible women employed. Beyond the city limits we saw the site being considered for a Union Theological Seminary with Canadian Baptists whose work adjoins that of Northern Baptists.

There is a contagion about the Christian faith and daily life in many a village. Just outside the city limits of Bezwada we were entertained in Israelpet, where a group of Madiga Christians live. Across the road is the tannery in which these leather workers spend their days. In the midst of the village of mud and thatch huts stood the chapel, also with whitewashed mud walls and thatched roof. We sat on old army tarpaulins on the ground and partook of a delicious meal of rice and curry. Then everyone gathered in the chapel for a service of worship and fellowship led by Rev. B. R. Moses, Secretary of the Telugu Baptist Convention, also a guest. Beside me sat Rajama, a teacher in the government school nearby and a granddaughter of Yerraguntle Periah, the first Telugu preacher who worked with Dr. Clough. The little chapel was packed with villagers—half of them women. In fact this was a woman's meeting, but with the usual attendance of men and children. Less than a dozen of the women could read, but they have an organized women's society. An important part of their programs is the memorization

of scripture passages and hymns, and they give regularly to the work of the church. The secretary keeps a careful record of meetings and income and expenditures which was shyly shown to the visitors.

The service had been in progress for some time when the door opened and a tall finely built man stood on the threshold. The pastor hastened to make a place for him to sit. He was plainly not of this outcaste group, yet no surprise was shown at his entrance, and the service went on.

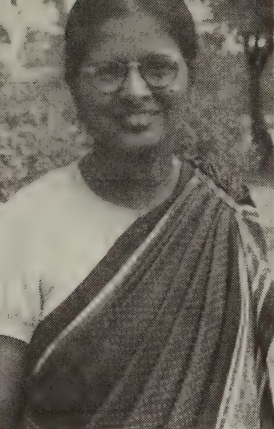
Later Mr. Klahsen told us about him. He was a caste man living near Israelpet, where for years he had watched this group of Christians—impressed by the religion they professed. Recognizing that it had something to do with the honesty and uprightness of their living, he came to listen as they worshipped. He was given a Bible at his request. In time he became a believer and now regularly sits with the Christians for worship in a fellowship that transcends barriers of caste.

From Bezwada a few hours' train ride brought us to Bapatla, where Mr. N. George, B.A., B.Ed., an able Christian Telugu educator, directs the mission training school for men from all parts of the field, most of them Christians.

At Guntur, where the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society cooperates with the United Lutheran Mission in Andhra Christian College, Rev. and Mrs. Herbert C. Jackson are our missionary representatives. Here the United Lutheran Mission also has a large girls' school, a women's hospital, and women's Bible school. This Christian college is making a very real contribution to the Telugu Christian churches. It was a privilege to speak to the student body of 1200 and faculty of about seventy-five. The large group of women students was an inspiration. The nineteen Baptist girls invited to the Jackson home for tea included girls from most of our mission stations, one of them a promising girl from the criminal tribes in Kavali District. Others were daughters of teachers and pastors.

Narasaravupet (Nar-sa-ra-vu-pet) was our next stop. Here we were in the heart of the mass movement area. On Sunday four or five hundred people crowded into every available space in the grey stone church with its red windows and doors. Many of the congregation were women from surrounding villages. It was an inspiring sight. This great congregation impressed upon me again the fact that most of the Mission's problems arise from their inability to nurture adequately the thousands of new converts coming into the church every year.

Narasaravupet is the home of the Hird Memorial School, one of our two excellent girls' high schools in South India, and is of strategic importance to the Telugu churches. Capital grants for additional classrooms and equipment are greatly needed.



*Miss Veeraswamy  
Nellore*



*Miss Gulbhanu  
Jangaon*

*Miss Prabhavathi  
Ongole*



After a brief visit at Vinukonda and Donakonda we spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Cumbum, and in their "house car" visited other stations for which they are responsible, including Markapur and Kanigiri. We travelled in Miss Bailey's jeep to Podili. The visit was brief but long enough for us to sense the fine spirit among the Christian workers. They are making a courageous venture in self-support. This is another station that badly needs new buildings.

At Udayagiri (U-da-ya-gee-ree), the little hospital is closed for want of a doctor. When I looked over this gem of a hospital, all equipped, my prayers were joined with the prayers of others that some Indian doctor would accept the challenge.

Nellore is the oldest mission station of Northern Baptists in South India, the "Lone Star" of which Dr. S. F. Smith wrote in the poem "Shine on Lone Star." It is the capital city of a large district and an important educational center.

Farther north is Kavali (Ka-va-li), also an educational center, half way between Nellore and Ongole and near a government industrial settlement for criminal tribes which was supervised for many years by our missionaries. Twelve miles away is Ramapatnam (Ra-ma-put-num).

*Theological Seminary and Bible School* — At the time of my visit, the Theological Seminary was at Ramapatnam and the Woman's Bible Training School at Nellore. A plan is under way to cooperate with the Canadian Baptists in a union theological seminary. In the meantime, the lower qualified men are to be trained as pastors at Ramapatnam and the higher qualified men at Coconada in the Canadian Baptist Seminary. It is



generally agreed that there should be closer co-operation in the training of men and women. A Committee of Management for the Woman's Bible Training School was appointed, comprising missionaries and representatives of the Telugu Baptist Women's Convention. This Committee is working closely with the Trustees of the Seminary in planning for the future of theological training. Miss K. Lillian has carried the responsibility of the Bible Training School during the past year in a creditable manner.

*Christian Schools*—The present surge toward education—even for girls—is tremendous. The policies of the new government are not yet clear, but the next decade will no doubt see great changes in this phase of the foreign mission program in India. The Mission Board of Education, an able group of missionaries and nationals, is watching trends and making recommendations to the Joint Council in order that the interests of the Christian community may be preserved. The Government or Christian communities will increasingly take over responsibility for education beginning, no doubt, with primary schools.

Any savings to the Mission will not be large. The Indian church is also trying to assume more of the support of the pastors and cannot take on too heavy a financial load for its schools.

The Nellore Girls' High School has a long record of significant service to the Christian churches of South India, and is urgently in need of additions to its plant. Miss Alice Veeraswamy, principal of the high school, and Miss Miriam Ramanaiah, headmistress of the Teachers' Training School, make a strong team. Large numbers of girls also attend the boys' high schools at Nellore, Kurnool and Ongole.

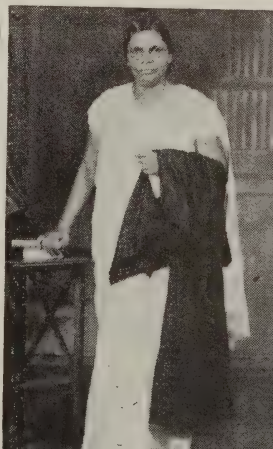


*Miss Lillian  
Nellore*



*Miss Chandravarthy  
Madras*

*Miss Ramanaiah  
Nellore*





*The girls' spinning  
class*

One phase of the Christian educational program worthy of mention is the beginning of handicraft and industrial work. The Kavali school teaches boys the hammered aluminum craft. The Emilie Coles Higher Elementary School for Girls in Ongole teaches weaving through all the steps from ginning of the cotton to the finished cloth. Pottery and other crafts are also taught. The boarders in this school live in a cottage dormitory with a group of twelve or more girls of all ages in each cottage. From the school shop, or bazaar, every morning each family secures food supplies, and then prepares and serves the meals for the day as for a family. The prevocational school for boys at Kurnool gives training in carpentry, weaving, tailoring, and gardening.

**Teachers' Training Schools**—The teachers' training schools in the Mission—three for men, three for women and one coeducational—are a charge on mission appropriations for the salaries of the higher qualified teachers required. Each is strategically located. Government scholarships almost pay for board and books. Students come from all parts of the field, and as teachers, carry back into mission and government schools the Christian witness. It would seem that the Mission could make no greater contribution in education than to train Christian teachers for all schools, then follow them into the communities where they go to give counsel and encouragement.

**Medical Work**—The American Baptist Mission Hospital for women and children in Nellore celebrated its Jubilee in 1946. The story of these fifty years reads like a romance and depicts in miniature the many changes that have come to medical missions in India during these years. No phase of the work reveals these changes more strikingly than does the matter of Indian staff. Because of the foundations laid during the lifetime service of Dr. Lena Benjamin and Miss Annie Magilton, a capable Indian staff now stands beside the missionaries of today. Since 1908 nurses have received regular education in this hospital and standards have risen through the years. More than 225 nurses have gone out from the Nellore Nursing School to become part of the 7000 registered nurses in India (1940 statistics). "India needs three hundred thousand nurses,"

says their report. The wartime service of nurses has shown Indian people the value of this kind of training for their daughters and has helped to give it a higher esteem in the minds of the people.

In the three nurses' training schools of our South India hospitals in 1947 there were 115 nurses in training, all but one of them Christian. The nurses' training schools of the Hanumakonda and Ongole hospitals train both boys and girls.

In America there are hundreds of up-to-date nursing textbooks and books on nursing in all its branches, but in South India there is only one book for Telugu and Tamil speaking nurses, a text published in 1941, edited by Miss Sigrid Johnson.

In mission lands the development of nurses' training can be attributed almost entirely to the efforts of missionary doctors and nurses. Nurses graduated from Christian mission hospitals are unique, for in addition to high professional standards they have had training in Christian ideals of service, Bible study and in giving a spiritual and evangelistic ministry to their patients.

*Relief for South India*—India is still suffering from the aftermath of famine and lives always under the threat of another famine. The rapidly advancing cost of living has created much hardship. Northern Baptist relief money has brought aid to many Christian workers and their families, keeping pastors, evangelists and Bible women at their tasks. Powdered milk sent through Church World Service and the National Christian Council was something new in the Indian diet and not readily taken, even by hungry people. Miss Lena Keans wisely called together the Christian women of the local community, told them what it would mean in nourishment for their children, that Christians in America had cooperated in sending it to supplement their diet, and that these gifts had often meant sacrifice. She called for volunteers to help in preparing and serving the milk regularly to the school children. The women responded. Little by little the taste for it was acquired, and the milk was soon depended upon to fill a vital need. Ordinarily the rice portion is about sixteen ounces per day per adult. At the time of my visit, the rice ration was eight ounces per day, or about 1000 calories. In some places it was being reduced to six ounces a day per person, which is about 900 calories, a starvation diet. Further grants from Northern Baptists will be needed periodically.

*White Cross*—It is a privilege to travel about from place to place on the mission fields and see the White Cross goods arriving, being unpacked, and put to use. Cloth seems scarce and very costly everywhere in the world except in America, and hospital supplies are not to be purchased in many towns that I visited. In places where they were procurable prices were prohibitive and quality poor. The value and importance of a piece of cloth becomes multiplied so many times that it is a reminder of the miracle of the loaves and



fishes. When one sees the gratitude of those who are helped by White Cross, the supplies cease to be just a material contribution and truly become a spiritual contribution.

**Adult Literacy**—Mr. Prakasham, Secretary of Adult Literacy in the South India Mission, and the missionaries made it possible for me to see examples of the work being done in adult literacy. In the village of Yendluru in Ongole District, I saw a group of nineteen men, caste and outcaste, who gather each evening when the day's work is over for instruction in the Laubach charts. A mud and thatch house used for the evening classes was donated by a literate Christian man who came out of the criminal tribes. I found this class



was also having a second lesson in romanized Telugu charts prepared by Mr. Thorleif Wathne and Miss Helen Bailey and was reading with amazing ease. Easy reading materials for the newly literate are exceedingly scarce. Before the war sets of books were sold to a village and put in charge of the church. Many books are now out of print and there are few new ones due to scarcity of paper. The Christian Literature Society is publishing "The Messenger of Truth" in Telugu, which claims to be the cheapest magazine in the world, selling for one pie (one-sixth of a cent).

**Evangelistic Work for Women**—I was tremendously inspired by the work being done by our missionaries and Indian women in evangelism, adult literacy and in strengthening the Christian home. Various evangelistic methods have been followed in this Mission. The Christian Witness Centers started in the Kavali field by Miss

Jennie Reilly, Miss Florence Rowland, Miss Grace Bullard and others were an adventure in faith. The program is carried chiefly by an Indian nurse, a teacher and Bible woman who live there in a cottage especially built for them. They are supervised and encouraged by the missionaries.

At the Brahmanakraka Center we were present at the annual opening of the mud banks which held the Love Gifts, "over and above" offerings of the Christian women. The meeting was out-of-doors and was witnessed by many non-Christians. After a hymn and prayer, Ayyamah in a red sari stood up and read the Scripture. Ayyamah is the mother of nine living children and only since her youngest child was born did she learn to read by the Laubach adult literacy method. One could feel the pride and joy of the group in her achievement. Following the voluntary recitation of scripture verses by the women and a brief message from the American guest, all stood in a circle with mud banks in hand. In addition to her bank Ayyamah had a chicken and another woman a small bag of grain to offer, which would be sold and the money added to the gifts. Then Subbamma, the worker from the Center, led in prayer in dedication of the offerings, "Our hearts are our first gifts. Take them first, and then receive our money." One by one each woman came forward and with a stone broke her own bank. The money was counted and recorded in the account book. Just before the counting was finished there was a commotion as a man running from the village leaped over the low wall and, quite out of breath, came to a stop at the edge of the circle. His wife was too ill to come and had sent him with her offering of six rupees, and they were afraid he would be late. After the gifts were counted Subbamma auctioned off some little garments made from scraps of cloth. These were bought eagerly by the villagers for a modest price and the amounts added to the Love Gifts. Each Center is a light in the darkness of a non-Christian village, witnessing to caste and outcaste alike, and the work is being greatly blessed by God.

*Christian Home and Family Life*—The Christian Home Committee of the National Christian Council of India, Burma and Ceylon has given leadership in a program for strengthening Christian home and family life. Many of the printed helps for family worship, counselling in family relationships, preparation for Christian marriage, ideals of the Christian home, care and nurture of children are being used in evangelism, education and in church activities. Plans are under way for a broader program through courses of instruction in churches and schools, through institutes and literature.

At Narasaravupet missionaries and Bible women have done a great deal in the adult literacy program, teaching both Christians and non-Christians to read. Caste and outcaste have become inter-

ested in the gospel because they have learned to read it. One morning we went with Santhoshamma to visit some caste homes where she and Mrs. T. Ratnam have been teaching the women to read.

In the evening we went with them to Cumbum Palem. It was a dark night, but small boys lighted us across the fields with a lantern. Cumbum Palem is a scavengers' village and these people are subjected to many temptations. Some feel they must have liquor to fortify them for their repulsive work. The municipality has built a long row of one-room houses joined together. Some live in adjoining huts of mud and thatch. We went first into a room occupied by a young family with four children. The Bible women were teaching the young wife to read by means of adult literacy charts and, with the missionary, were spending many evenings helping these families who are now believers to use the simple reading material prepared by the National Christian Council to establish the habit of family prayers. The hymns were those already taught by the Bible women in reading lessons. First there was a hymn led by the father. The mother read "If ye love me keep my commandments . . ." The little son who goes to the mission school followed his mother's efforts, occasionally correcting her quietly, his face and voice bearing evidence of great pride in his parents. Then the father and mother led in prayer, and after another song we all said the Lord's Prayer together. The room was tiny and the door was shut to keep curious eyes from watching, for this was just for the family. They sat on the floor with the lighted lantern in the center of the group. The baby swung contentedly in a hammock in the corner. It was a scene I shall not forget soon—the light falling on the face of the attractive young mother in a red sari modestly drawn over her head, and her handsome young husband who had learned to read a bit when he was a boy.

*The Telugu Baptist Women's Convention*—Much of the strength of the Telugu Baptist churches lies in the organization of the women. It was a privilege to meet their leaders and listen to them talk of their projects and plans. They have increased their budget goal each year for twenty-six years. The Bible study courses provided by the Mission is increasingly challenging the women. I visited their project at Bezwada, where they support two Bible women. They have money on hand with which they are considering buying a little piece of property in Bezwada to build a house for the Bible women and a Christian Witness Center. Miss Prabhavati, Headmistress of the Ongole Teacher's Training School and graduate of St. Christopher's Training College, was President in 1947.

Strong women's associations in several districts are developing leadership and promoting stewardship among the churches, contributing to their local program and to the projects of the Telugu Women's Convention.





*Suvarthamma, left, and Abigail, wife of Rev. B. R. Moses*

***Santhoshamma, the Mother***—I first met Bandaru Santhoshamma\* at Narasaravupet. Her story has been told many times, but it became a new and moving biography to me as I watched her teaching a young caste woman to read. They sat on the mat in the home of the caste woman—Santhoshamma in white sari and the caste woman in red, the white head of the teacher and the brown head of the pupil bent together over a Laubach chart.

Some years ago Santhoshamma's 50th anniversary of service as a Bible woman was celebrated. The whole taluq rejoiced on this occasion. Her father was a pastor in Dr. Clough's day and she has many interesting stories to tell of that pioneer period. One of her precious memories is the time he laid his hand on her head in blessing when she came as a little girl into the mission school in Ongole.

She became a teacher and later married a pastor. The years brought many a testing. Her husband and three children died. An older son died of cholera before she could reach him. He had been headmaster of the mission school in Narasaravupet, and she and others had high hopes for his future. Her great comfort was the witness his fellow students gave to the help he had been to them spiritually, even on the last day of his life.

Many pastors in this field who were at one time Santhoshamma's students now appear much older than she. Others might have succumbed to the succession of such troubles and testings as have come to Santhoshamma, but she is a true Christian, a rare and precious soul. Her Telugu name means joy and she has been able to give these many years of service because she has the "joy of the Lord" in her heart.

***Suvarthamma, the Daughter***—A further chapter in the life of Santhoshamma is the story of her foster-daughter, Suvarthamma, a Bible woman for more than forty years, widow of a pastor and district evangelist and mother of seven children. Suvarthamma says, "I am happy that every member of my family has known Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord."

\*See cover picture.

The story of Suvarthamma presents a series of hardships and trials after her early Christian experience, but also reveals growth in faith and in the power of prayer. Of her conversion she writes, "It was during the days of hardships that I was made to go closer to God for help and guidance. In this period, while I was reading the Scriptures, Jesus Christ revealed himself to me as my Savior. Oh what a mystery of tribulations! They were blessings in disguise. When everything went on well, I did not take life seriously, but the wonderful and loving Father spoke to me so gently and so generously through those mishappenings I felt I could not get along without Him. The experience I had while following the missionary on tour gave me a taste of service. I was baptized March 27, 1900. I began to grow in the work of God and in the fellowship of His saints."

For nearly eighteen years, Suvarthamma and her husband labored together, first in the Narasaravupet field and then in the Madira field, meeting all kinds of obstacles. Concerning the time the call came for them to go to Madira, she says, "We found it to be God's will that we go to that distant land and work for Him. My relatives did not agree with us. They showed us a lot of obstacles. Madira was in the Deccan, a very backward country in every respect and full of jungles. We were too young to take up this perilous life. I was a bit uncertain, but my husband was quite confident that this was a Macedonian call. We collected all our courage and faith and depending on God for guidance, we landed in Madira on October 4, 1904. Nobody came to welcome us. It was a strange experience. Like Abraham we had to leave our country and people to obey His call."

Together with the missionaries they labored to give the gospel of salvation from sin, superstition and fear, and to bring the light of Christ's love into many hearts. After the death of her husband she became a Bible woman. Friends in America made possible the erection of a little house for Suvarthamma and her seven children. With the missionaries' help she was able to earn some money for their education. She helped the missionaries lay the foundations for a vigorous work among women. The Madira field women's association was started and the custom of holding an annual meeting established. Perhaps no one person had more to do with this growth than Suvarthamma herself.

After forty years of service the Christians of the Madira field held a celebration, presented Suvarthamma with a gold ring and read an address expressing their appreciation of her service. She has been true to the name given her at birth by her Christian parents, Suvarthamma, which means good tidings, or gospel.

*Lois, Eunice and Timothy*—There is a third chapter in the story of Santhoshamma that makes it read like the story of Lois, Eunice

and Timothy. This is the story of Moses, the fourth son of Suvarthamma, a story which began when he graduated from the seminary in 1934 and joined her in active Christian service. Rev. B. R. Moses is now Promotional Secretary of the Telugu Baptist Convention. He was with us in the service in Israelpet and following this, we visited in the temporary home which he and his loyal wife, Abigail, had established there so that she might be near him in his work. Abigail is from another background than that of the Madigas and there was great opposition to their engagement. Moses met her in Conoor, where they were both students, and courted her in English. This devoted young Christian family is outstanding for their witness in the new India.

*According to Their Faith*—A high point of my last days in Ongole was the Sunday spent in the villages. When we arrived at Tumada village, people already had gathered for the service that was to precede the baptism at the river. I sat down on a bench in the shade of the mud and thatch house and listened to the soft, musical Telugu voice of the pastor as he read the Scripture, led in prayer and then spoke to the new converts of this step they were about to take. I looked into the solemn faces of the group seated on mats under the trees and tried to pick out the new Christians. At this point it was not easy, but soon there was a stir as preparations were made for cutting the long lock of hair on the heads of the men, which was but one sign that they had left the old Hindu life and taken the name of Christian. The group of thirty-two to be baptized were shoemakers, or Madigas, and they had been won by a neighboring group of weavers, or Malas.

We walked to the stream half a mile away where Mr. Rajaratnum, the pastor, conducted the baptismal service in a manner that made it beautiful and deeply significant. My attention was centered, as in the earlier service, on a father, mother and two children who were baptized. Again back in the village under the trees, this family of Kaki Chendriah sat together and partook of their first communion. Now, as the pastor read the Scripture "from darkness into light" and spoke of the new life that is in Christ Jesus, the solemn faces relaxed and there were radiant smiles as they received the right hand of fellowship. Then came the giving of their first offering to the church, and this was done informally and with much joy.

As I watched this outward evidence of the transformation that had taken place in the hearts of these Madiga villagers, I was humbled again before the miracle of Christ's coming into the hearts of men, women and little children. I realized anew what the Gospel of Jesus Christ had meant to these humble outcastes of India—

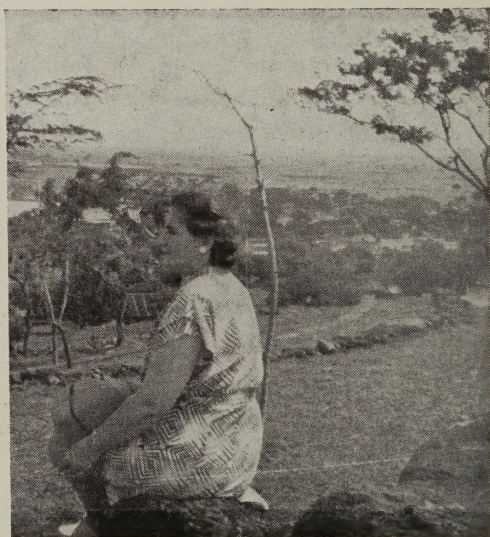


*Beauty for ashes,  
The oil of joy for mourning,  
The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;  
That they might be called trees of righteousness,  
the planting of the Lord,  
That he might be glorified.*—Isa. 61:3

Later we stood on the bridge of the Gudulukumma River and as we looked along the sandy banks we were reminded of another baptismal service following the great famine in 1877-78, when Dr. John E. Clough and his associates baptized 2,222 in this river in a single day, one of the greatest ingatherings in the history of the Christian Church. It was sacred ground.

As I came at last to a sunset hour on Prayer Meeting Hill in Ongole and sat listening to Rev. Thorleif Wathne recount the story of those early days, I had an almost overpowering sense of the collective faith of the great band of missionaries of yesterday and today who have been used of God to bring about the ingatherings through the years on this mission field. The inspiration of the twilight hour in this historic spot filled my mind with gratitude for God's blessing evidenced in lives transformed all around the Bay of Bengal, where the many peoples of Burma, Assam, Bengal-Orissa and South India have received at God's hand "The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" and have become "The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

*Miss Mary Beth Fulton  
on Prayer Meeting Hill  
looks out over the same  
area for which Dr.  
Clough prayed*



## BURMA TODAY

*After these pages went to press, it became increasingly evident that the momentum of political events in Burma under the government established January 4, 1948, was becoming rapidly accelerated. The statement of faith in God at work through the churches in Burma becomes even more applicable as the days go by, "the planting of the Lord."*

*To the names which appear here may be added many thousands more who will continue to bear their faithful Christian witness in the midst of a nation forging a new government after an untried pattern. All are worthy of the prayers of their American friends.*

*Baptist churches and institutions have been an unflinching Christian force in the life of Burma for over a century. One bows in gratitude for the privilege of having a part in that imperishable investment.*

### The Second Psalm

11

*Photographs by the author*





*The saffron, green and white flag of the Dominion of India (top) and the red, white and blue flag of independent Burma*

